THE LAND WE LOVE.

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SKETCH OF GENERAL JUNIUS DANIEL.

ALTHOUGH the writer had learned to place the highest estimate on the character of General Daniel, before its greater development during the progress of hostilities, he greatly fears that he must fail in presenting it to the reader, in all that excellence which was so manifest to himself, as it could be properly appreciated only by those who were intimately acquainted therewith, and had thus the opportunity of knowing the principles and motives which entered into its formation. The record of his military life is but the history of the most unselfish devotion to the cause which he espoused, and which was so dear to his heart. From the time he volunteered in the struggle of the South for independence, until he received his death wound, his entire action, all his aims and aspirations, were concentrated on one object—the deliverance of his country. A simple narrative of facts will best attest the truth of this assertion.

General Daniel was the youngest child, and last surviving issue of the Hon. J. R. J. Daniel. He was born in the town of Halifax, N. C., on the 27th day of June, 1828, and at the age of three years, met with the irreparable loss of an admirable mother. His youth was passed at the best preparatory schools, and through life he acted upon the principle, so constantly impressed upon him, in his early training, "An utter abhorrence of lying, dishonesty, and every low and degrading vice." About the year 1843, he entered the excellent school of J. M. Lovejoy, Esq., at Raleigh, and there remained until admitted to the Military Academy, at West Point, in 1846, as one of the Cadets at large, under the appointment of President Polk. Whilst engaged there in artillery practice, the gun carriage to which he was attached was upset, and the gun thrown upon him, inflicting a severe spinal injury. His course, retarded one year by

this accident, was completed in 1851, with a highly respectable standing for deportment and scholarship.

He entered West Point with the bona fide purpose of giving his services to the country, as a soldier. When he graduated, he was ordered, after the usual furlough, to Newport, Kentucky, as acting assistant Quarter-master. In the fall of 1852, he went in charge of a company, or detachment, to New Mexico, where he remained four years, stationed, successively, at Forts Albuquerque, Fillmore, and Stanton, spending his time in charge of scouting and exploring parties, in ascertaining the topography of the country, and in keeping in subjection, the Indians, with whom he had many skirmishes.

In the early part of 1857, he returned from New Mexico. His father having purchased a large body of land in Louisiana, he was induced to resign his commission in the army for the purpose of aiding in its cultivation and improvement. In this new sphere, he exerted himself with great energy and effect, reducing his scientific knowledge to practical tests. He always insisted that the education obtained at West Point, or the pursuit of a similar course of studies, is much better adapted to ensure success in the actual affairs of life than one confined principally to the classics; experience, it would seem, confirms this testimony.

In October, 1860, he married Ellen, a lovely and accomplished young lady, daughter of John J. Long, Esq., of Northampton Co., N. C., and immediately returned to his plantation in Louisiana, where he was engaged, devoting his energies to agriculture, when "Sumter fell."

Upon the inauguration of hostilities, he was offered a position among the Louisiana troops, but preferring to serve in his own State he hastened hither, and tendered his service to Gov. Ellis. That devoted son of the South highly appreciated his worth, but there was no position vacant commensurate with his abilities. General Daniel was no politician; he had never interfered in mere party contests, but he was an ardent supporter of the Constitution of the United States, as he understood it; and in drawing his sword for the Southern Cause, he believed that he was defending the, now obsolete, principles enunciated in that instrument. Nor was he misled by the enthusiasm of the day. He despised alike the vaporing of those at the North who professed their ability to conquer the South in ninety days, and the rhodomontade of such among ourselves as prophesied a bloodless victory. He clearly foresaw the nature of the coming contest, frequently predicting to his friends and the writer the long and terribly exhausting struggle before us.

In tendering his services to his country, General Daniel was free from personal ambition. He had no selfish ends to gratify. He had no children. Yet, at the very first hostile movement, he tore himself away from a home filled with every other endearment that can touch the heart of man, and with the hope of no

other reward, than the satisfaction arising from duty performed. Such, indeed, was his determined patriotism, he would then have entered the service had it been revealed to him, that the first step would be to his grave.

Immediately after the tender of his services to Governor Ellis, he was elected colonel of the 4th, afterwards 14th, regiment North Carolina volunteers, with which he remained until nearly the expiration of its twelve months' service. He was then elected to the colonelcy of the 43d and 45th regiments, both of which had enlisted for the war, and, about the same time, was tendered, by Gov. Clark, that of the 2nd North Carolina cavalry. In accepting the command of the 45th, he showed, as in all other matters, the utmost disinterestedness, declining that of the 43d, which had several companies from his own county, in favor of a promising young officer, who had given decided evidence of ability, and that of the 2nd cavalry, in favor of Colonel Sol. Williams, saying, with the frankness of the true soldier: "Williams is a better man, for he is, par excellence, a cavalry man, so put him there."

The writer has received interesting accounts of Gen. Daniel's military career, from officers who served with him, and had resolved to incorporate them in this sketch, but the limits of a magazine article compel him to forego that pleasure, and he must content himself with this acknowledgment, and a synopsis of their contents.

As an organizer and disciplinarian, General Daniel had no superior, and the troops which had received the benefit of his training, especially the 43rd and 45th regiments, were never known to falter, or even to hesitate, whilst under his command; and they retained their *esprit du corps* throughout the gloomiest days of the Confederacy. He first served as colonel of the 45th, under General Holmes; in a few days that officer discovered his fine qualities as a soldier, and recommended him for promotion, asking that he might be assigned to duty under himself. The Government, however, had been so very liberal in rewarding politicians, that it had more brigadiers than brigades, so the application was denied; but an officer of that grade was tendered to General Holmes, who declined his services, saying: "You can keep your generals, I can get along with my colonels." From this period until he received his commission as brigadier, he served under three different departmental commanders, each of whom urged his promotion at headquarters, and, failing to secure it, refused to turn his command over to general officers. He organized three brigades, two of which were taken from him, and given to "Generals without a command." The third he commanded for twelve months as senior colonel, and when it was rumored that this too was about to be assigned to another, he did not complain of the government, but simply remarked to one of his officers: "I would certainly dislike to give up the command of these troops, now that I have had all the trouble of

training them, and have become attached to them. I do not seek the distinction of rank for position merely, for were the war to close to-morrow, the offer of the highest could not induce me to remain in the army. I have other obligations to fulfill; but whilst this war lasts, here in the field will I be found—my whole soul is in the cause, and my life is at my country's service. If the government does not choose to give me command of my brigade, I will stick to my regiment and make no complaint."

About June, 1862, commanding his brigade as senior colonel, he was ordered to Petersburg under General Holmes. Although not actually engaged in the field during this period, an incident occurred too characteristic of the man to be omitted. It is thus related by an eye witness.

"At the battle of Malvern Hill, our brigade was on the extreme right of the line, and, although not actually brought into action, was exposed to a converging fire from three points, vastly more trying to troops than actual fighting. On one flank, in full view, at a distance of about a third of a mile, three gun-boats, lying in the James River, were playing upon us with shell, two parks of artillery, one from the famous Malvern Hill battery, were throwing their missiles into our ranks. Our troops were raw, few of them had ever before been under fire. Just at this time some cavalry, which had been sent to the front, came dashing down the road in disgraceful haste, riding down all who did not get out of their way. Immediately some artillery, for a cause never explained, acted in like manner, and the danger of a general panic was evident. Gen. Daniel almost instantly threw a regiment across the road, halted a piece of artillery, placing it in command of an officer who afterwards won his spurs, and ordered him to fire upon all who did not halt. This prompt action restored order so speedily, that the confusion was unknown to any other part of the army. Whilst thus engaged, his horse was shot under him, and he had a very narrow escape."

In October, 1862, General Daniel was commissioned as a brigadier. He was assigned the 32nd regiment, commanded by Brabble, who was killed at Spotsylvania, then by Cowand; the 43rd, by Keenan, wounded and captured at Gettysburg, afterwards by Cary Whitaker, killed in the last days at Petersburg; the 45th, first by Morehead, who died at Martinsburg, Va., then by Boyd, who was wounded and captured at Gettysburg, exchanged and killed at Spotsylvania; the 53rd, by Owens, killed at Winchester, and the 2nd N. C. battalion, by Lieut. Colonel Andrews, killed at Gettysburg. What a sad record, and how eloquently it speaks to our hearts of the bravery of those devoted men! By impugning the memory of all such, some among us may earn an unenviable notoriety, but it is not in these days of calamity and humiliation, we can cease to venerate their heroism. Even should the despotism to which we are now consigned become the permanent condition

of the country, the spirit of the South shall never utterly sink, while she looks back with redeeming pride upon "the martyr band," whose glorious achievements will be to her for a testimony, that her bondage did not arise from any want in her people of those high qualities, which give victory and freedom.

It is somewhat remarkable, and is, perhaps, the highest evidence of General Daniel's capacity, that, at this period, no officer of his grade, had acquired a higher reputation for soldierly qualities, although he had had no opportunity to distinguish himself in the field. He excelled, in many things essential to a great commander. "Reticence," says one of his officers, "he possessed, in an eminent degree, vigilance also. I regarded it as impossible for him to be surprised, and on one occasion, particularly, I know that the wing of the army to which he belonged, was saved from disaster thereby. Well might the lamented Rodes so often exclaim, during the Valley campaign, 'Oh if Daniel were only here now!'"

In attention to the wants of his men, in a thorough acquaintance with details, in his ability as an organizer and disciplinarian, as already stated, and in his skill in handling troops under fire, as proved at Gettysburg and Spotsylvania, he was equal to any man in the army of Northern Virginia. From the very first, he saw the necessity of discipline, and required from officers and men, the strictest attention to duty. He never relaxed, never exacted of others and spared himself; frequently, when in command of the division, has he been seen, at midnight, at the utmost limits thereof, seeing for himself, that his instructions were being properly carried out. At first, both officers and men chafed under his rule; but when it became manifest that he was actuated solely by a sense of the responsibility resting upon him, when his rigid impartiality, and high sense of honor, became known, when his brigade was seen to move under fire with the same accuracy as if on parade, he gained the hearts of all. Indeed, he was singularly gifted with the power of securing the warmest attachment, and the highest confidence of his subordinates, as testimonials, in the writer's possession, amply prove. This has always been considered as a high merit, in some of the greatest commanders.

Had he seconded the applications of his superiors in rank, by his personal efforts, or by those of his friends outside of the army, he would, doubtless, have speedily attained higher promotion, but he scorned all this as beneath the dignity of a true soldier. The writer has been informed, upon good authority, that, at the time of his death, his commission as Major General was made out, a tribute solely to his merits. Singleness of purpose characterized all his actions to the very last. Believing the South to be right, the voice of patriotism and the sense of duty urged him to subordinate all his powers to the effort for her suc-

cess. Hence, he never even murmured at that severest trial of the deserving military man, the placing of persons inferior in ability and service, over his head. On some reference being made to this subject, he remarked to the writer: "The promotion of others does not excite in me either envy or discontent. I care not who receives the honors, provided we gain the fight."

General Daniel spent the Fall of 1862, with his brigade, at Drewry's Bluff. In December of that year, he was ordered to North Carolina, under command of General D. H. Hill, to meet a diversion of Foster, in favor of Burnside. Here he received, from one of his regiments, the significant sobriquet of "Old Blockhouse," which he ever afterwards retained. Shortly after the battle of Chancellorsville, he was transferred to Lee's army, Rodes' division, attached to Ewell's corps, during the Pennsylvania campaign, the division being the advance column. At that time, General Ewell had, as his head-quarters' flag, the only regular Confederate flag in the command. When Carlisle, the extreme point of the advance, was reached, General Ewell made a speech to his men, congratulating them on their successes, military bearing, and subordination, then, turning to Daniel's brigade, but recently attached to his corps, he said: "They had shown themselves so obedient to all orders, so steady and regular in their march, and so well disciplined, that he entrusted to them the charge of bearing the 'corps flag,' confident that its honor could never suffer while in keeping of such troops."

The writer has in his possession, General Daniel's report of the movements of his brigade during this period. It is an admirable paper, and may yet be published as a valuable contribution to the history of the campaign. The following extract, referring to its action in the battle of Gettysburg, is all that can be inserted here:

"I cannot, in justice to the officers and men of my command, close, this portion of my report without recording my earnest conviction that the conduct, of none of the troops who participated in this engagement, will furnish brighter examples of patient endurance than were exhibited by them. Entering the fight on the first day at 1 P. M., and hotly engaged until 4 P. M., constantly driving before them a superior force of the enemy, and losing nearly one-third of their number and many valuable officers. Exposed, during the afternoon of the second day, to a galling fire of artillery, from which they suffered much, they moved at night, in line of battle, on the enemy's strong position, after which, with less than two hours' rest, and having made a fatiguing night march, they reported to General Johnson, and entered the fight again at 5 A. M. on the third day, and were not withdrawn until between three and four in the afternoon—their skirmishers remaining engaged until 12 at night, and the whole line being constantly exposed to, and suffering from, the enemy's

fire. Shortly after 12 at night, they were required to repeat the march of the preceding night, and to re-occupy the position from which they had driven the enemy on the first day. Nor was there exhibited, by any portion of the command, during the three days in which they were engaged, any disposition to shrink from the duties before them, or any indication of that despondency with which men, similarly exposed, are often affected."

The conduct of Gen. Daniel at Gettysburg, the first real opportunity he had had to display his ability in handling troops under fire, won for him the very highest place in the estimation of his fellow soldiers of every rank. His brigade never faltered for a moment upon that disastrous field, but moved under the direction of its leader, with the precision of clock work. This is well attested by the declaration of Gen. Ramseur, an honored rival. Referring to the first day's battle, when the brigade lost over six hundred men, "I watched," said he, "the corps flag, and I never saw troops move with more precision on parade, than the troops who bore it, when ordered to change their position under the full fire of the enemy." No higher encomium could have been passed upon officers and men. The friends of General Daniel, both in the army and out of it, were greatly chagrined at his failure to receive that promotion which he so eminently deserved. During the retreat, General Daniel, in command of the "rear guard" of the army, acted with admirable skill, coolness and discretion.

The space already occupied, compels the writer to pass, at once, over the intervening period, to the closing scene—the battles of the Wilderness and of Spotsylvania Court House. The following statement is based upon the authority of gentlemen of the highest sense of honor, who were eye witnesses of the events referred to.

The morning of May 5th, 1864, was, perhaps, the proudest moment of Gen. Daniel's military life. He was then in reserve, supporting the Stonewall brigade, Doles' Ga., Battle's Ala., and J. M. Jones' Va. brigades. General Jones was killed, and all gave way before the charge of the enemy. At this critical moment, "when to hesitate was to be lost," he appeared the very impersonation of heroism. Of fine personal appearance, admirably proportioned, vigorous, muscular, and singularly erect, seeming to have increased in stature, his fine grey eye flashing fire, he appealed to his brigade by name, in that stentorian, sonorous voice, which could animate the most timid, and was now heard loud above the din of battle: "Attention, Daniel's North Carolina brigade, forward, charge!" The advance of the enemy was almost instantly checked, and they were driven in a steady retreat. Their officers rallied them in a gully about three feet deep, forming an excellent substitute for a breast-work, and right across Daniel's line. At the approach of his men, they arose and fired almost in their very faces, then resumed their retreat.

Daniel halted his line, dressed it, fired by rank at the word of command, then charged. General Gordon, having taken the enemy on the flank about the same time, the rout was complete, and the slaughter very great.

To General Gordon is, generally, attributed the credit of retrieving the fortunes of the day, on this occasion, whilst General Daniel is, rarely, if ever, mentioned in connection therewith. It is very difficult to reconcile conflicting accounts from the battle-field, but the evidence, both verbal and written, which has been presented to the writer, warrants him in insisting on all that he has claimed in this matter for General Daniel. Were it not for his prompt and decisive action, we must, in all probability, have chronicled an inglorious defeat instead of a great victory.

On the night of the 5th, Daniel's brigade was moved to the extreme right of the line, and was almost constantly engaged in the contest of the following days. On the 8th, the construction of the works known as the "Horse Shoes," were ordered, against General Daniel's protest, as they were flanked on both sides. They proved to be a lamentable mistake, and were held only at a terrible sacrifice. It was at this point, on the morning of the 12th of May, that General Daniel fell. Grant had driven Edward Johnson's division out of the salient. Ramseur and Harris had gone in to retake the works, the enemy were trying to break Lee's second line, as they had broken the first, pushing the right of Daniel's brigade very heavily. He was a few paces in the rear of the 45th regiment, his staff officers on various parts of the line, and while giving orders to one of his gallant young couriers, he fell forward on his face, struck in the abdomen by a Minnie ball.

He was carried under a shower of shot and shell to the rear, and at first, was of the opinion caused, doubtless, by the fact, that the point of exit of the ball alone gave him pain, that he had been shot by one of our own men, who was too cowardly to be well up, and too frightened to take aim. When made aware of his error, he seemed to entertain no hopes of life, but these revived, somewhat, when the Surgeons hesitated to pronounce the wound to be mortal. During his remaining hours, his thoughts constantly turned to the great events passing around him, to the fate of his beloved South, to that home where his happiest hours had been passed, and to her whose image lay enshrined in his heart. But let the incidents attending the last moments of the patriot and the hero, be told by one who witnessed them.

"General Daniel was wounded about 9 o'clock, a. m. About three in the afternoon, General Ramseur, who had left the field to have a wound in his arm dressed, came into the tent, shook General Daniel's hand warmly, expressing his deep sympathy and sorrow. They had been true friends, and two more gallant men never fought side by side. General Ramseur remained but a moment, and, about to hasten

to the front, he took General Daniel's hand within his own, saying, whilst tears filled the eyes of both, 'Daniel, we will hardly meet again in this world, may God Almighty bless you, my friend.' 'God bless you, Ramseur.' Such were the parting words of two as noble and brave men as ever died in a holy cause."

"On Friday, the 13th, I felt satisfied that he could not long survive, and so informed him, in answer to his enquiries. He had the Surgeons called in, that he might ascertain whether his wife could reach him ere he died. This being impossible, he spoke of her in the most endearing terms, directing Major Badger, who was present, to place his watch in her hands, saying it was 'Ellen's watch,' or 'Ellen's gift,' and to ask her to provide for his boy, William, who had been a good and faithful servant, and 'tell Bill,' said he, 'to take good care of old John,' the noble old warhorse that had carried him through more than one bloody field. Occasionally, he would exclaim, 'Oh, that I could have lived to have seen Grant defeated!' And then would enquire of his brigade, how the men had behaved, and whether they had suffered."

"A short time before his dissolution, the Doctor informed him that he was dying, and asked if he might call in a minister of the Gospel. He readily assented, a minister was brought in, spoke a few words, and knelt down in prayer. During prayer he was very quiet, and as soon as it was over, he requested us to raise him up in bed; when we had done so, he breathed once or twice quite freely. 'Now lay me down,' he said, then folding his hands across his bosom, and closing his eyes, he immediately expired."

A mournful sight was presented in Halifax on the day when General Daniel was borne to his grave. Some of the most gallant sons of the county had fallen in the struggle, and now the true and tried soldier, in whom the citizens most prided, and from whom they hoped the most, struck down in the midst of the carnage, lay cold in death before them. Many of those present had known him from his infancy; all had loved him; a few days before their hearts had bounded with exultation at the recital of his achievements—but "he had fought his last battle."

He was buried amidst the venerable oaks in the old church yard of Halifax, where his deceased relations, and the dust of many other honored dead, lie interred. The taste and sympathy of woman, whose heart instinctively turns to the beautiful and true, and whose devotion, equally with the blood of its martyrs, sanctified the Southern cause, spread upon the hero's bier the richest floral offerings, emblematical of her grief and his virtues. Let not the people of his native county and town forget what they owe to him and themselves. No one brought more honesty of purpose to the cause than he, no one loved it more earnestly or served it with more fidelity. His daring valor, his stainless integrity and devoted patriotism, entitle his memory to

all honor and affection, and the suffered to sleep in a forgotten ashes of such a man should not be grave.

NATURE'S LESSON.

A SONNET.

Pain is no longer pain when it is past:
And what is all the joy of yesterday,
More than the sunshine that has died away,
Leaving no trace across the landscape cast,
Whereby to prove its presence? The rude blast
That bowed the knotted oak beneath its sway,
And bent the lissome ash, the forest may
Keep some slight note of,—since strewn leaves out last
Quick caught-up sunbeams.—Be like Nature, then,
Calmly receptive of all sweet delights,
The while they soothe and strengthen thee; and when
The wrench of trial shakes thy soul again,—
Think of the still progressive days and nights
That blot, with equal sweep, both joy and pain.

Lexington, Va. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF WASHINGTON.

WE are indebted to Mrs. M. F. Pritchard, of Carrollton, Mo., for the following letter from Col. Woodford, and the reply of Gen. Washington. Mrs. P. made exact copies of the original letters, still in the hands of the descendants of Colonel Woodford. The spelling, punctuation, &c., have been carefully followed.

It is a wonderful proof of the laboriousness, as well as kindness, of the Father of his country, that he could find time, amidst his arduous duties, to write an autograph letter to a subordinate officer. The gentle, courteous, tone of his letter shows, moreover, that the great General never forgot the *gentleman*. As everything emanating from Washington must have an enduring interest with the American people, we feel sure that we can present nothing that would be more acceptable to the readers of THE LAND WE LOVE.—Editor.

WILLIAMSBURG,
JULY 6th, 1776.

DEAR SIR:

I was favored with yours of the 10th of November and should long ago have thanked you for your kind advice therein contained, together with your polite assurance, of your thorough approbation of my appointment, but supposing you too much engaged in your important office, I feared I might be troublesome; this, and not want of respect alone occasioned my silence. Have ever since made the subject of your letter the line of my conduct, how far the common cause has been benefitted by it, becomes not me to say, but this I venture to affirm, that I have at all times exerted my best ability in the service.—I am sorry to trouble you with complaints, but give me leave Sir to say I feel myself much hurt by the late promotion of my very worthy friend Col. Mercer, and to request your patience to hear my reasons in the best manner I am capable of giving them, with that freedom, which I flatter myself will not be taken amiss by you.—

When the military establishment of this colony first took place, I offered my service in any post the convention thought proper to appoint me to, without soliciting any one man of that Body for his vote or interest before the ballot began, I informed the House of which I was at that time a Member that I wished to serve under that Gentleman, and desired no person would vote for me in preference to him, notwithstanding all that could be said he was rejected, and my appointment confirmed. When the Honorable, the Congress, took out troops upon the Continental Establishment, a few months ago, I again expressed my wish that Colonel Mercer might be appointed to a higher office, their wisdom directed them to make the arrangement otherways, and I looked upon the army as firmly

established in such a manner, that every officer would rise in his turn, unless some fault could be laid to his charge. I have the same good opinion of that gentleman I ever had, but what I complain of is the impropriety as I conceive of the appointment, and that the promotion of an officer at that time serving under me, (however well he may deserve it) reflected dishonor upon myself, and will be attributed by the world to some misconduct in me, or at best inability to fill a higher office. I am informed from good authority, that a similar promotion is now in contemplation in favor of Col. Stephens. From the above reasons, I must request your permission to retire, not with any intention to promote any disturbances either, in the army, or country, but on the contrary to do any future service in a private way, to my country, and the common cause, to which I feel myself as warmly attached as ever. Before I conclude I will take the liberty to appeal to your own feelings as an officer, upon such an occasion, and to ask you what light I must be looked upon in the army for the future. My opposition to a popular military Officer, and my exertion to introduce some discipline among those infant troops, has gained me enemys, who I can see exulting in the late promotion, though they hate the man. Wishing you all happiness and success in our Glorious cause, I have the honor to be with the greatest respect,

Your Excellency's

Most Obt humble Servant,

WM. WOODFORD.

NEW YORK
30TH JULY 1776.

DEAR SIR

Your letter of the 6th Inst came to my hands a Post or two ago and the answer delayed longer than I intended from the multiplicity of business in which I am engaged.—

I am sorry you should consider Genl Mercer's late appointment as a slight put upon your services, because I am persuaded no slight was intended.—Whilst the service was local, and appointment of Officers affected no other Colony than that in which they were raised, the Continental Congress discovered no inclination to interpose in the appointments, But when they were to be chosen for more extensive service each member then concieved his own Colony to be affected, and that it was his duty to make choice of Gentlemen for Genl Officers whose former Rank (as they were to be placed over Officers that have commanded Regiments since the commencement of these disputes, and many of the field Officers in the last war) would give them the best pretensions, and those over whom they were to be placed, least offence—Upon this principle therefore I knew it was that Genl Mercer got appointed, and upon this principle also it will be that Col Stephens is, if such a event should take place; upon a revision therefore of the matter I cannot think you will find any just cause of complaint notwithstanding you stood foremost in the appointments of Virginia; which, as I observed before, were local, and whilst they regarded no other Colony, were

unattended to by the Congress; but you should consider that Col Mercer, Genl Lewis, and Col Stephens were Field Officers in the same service, and at the same time, that you acted as subaltern, and that in general appointments by the Congress, regard must be had to the troops here, as much as elsewhere, the Officers being equally tenacious of Rank; and only reconcilable to Mercer's coming in over them on acct of his former Rank in the army.

Upon the whole, I am sorry to hear you mention a resignation on any account, and hope upon a Reconsideration of the matter you will change your sentiments and continue in the military line you are now in—every rub, and difficulty of this kind impedes the service—hurts our cause—and encourages the Enemy.—However, if after what I have said, and could say upon the occasion you are still resolved not to continue in the service, I must refer you to the Officer commanding in the southern department to receive your resignation, or the person from whence you derived your commission, for as I never have interfered in any matter relative to the southern command I would not wish to begin with a resignation that I would wish to be instrumental in preventing.—I am with much respect esteem and regard

Dr Sir Yr most Obt Servt
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE STATE OF FRANKLIN.

BUT the patriot statesman at the head of the government of North Carolina, could not be moved from his propriety. After the adjournment of the Legislature, he communicated directly to Governor Sevier, the proceedings of that body, in reference to the revolters. His letter is marked with good sense and a pacific tone. His words are, "the people are not yet of strength and opulence sufficient to support an independent State. The Assembly wish to continue the benefits and protection of the State towards them, until such time as their numbers and wealth will enable them to do for themselves, when the Assembly are free to say, a separation may take place. In the meantime, the most friendly intercourse between the people on the Eastern and Western waters, is strongly recommended, and your people, as they have received for the past two years, no benefit from Government, are exempted from the payment of the public taxes." In answer to this letter, the Governor of Franklin writes respectfully, but firmly, expressing his disappointment that the separation of the two States had not been assented to by the Assembly, and closing with

the declaration on the part of Franklin: "We shall continue to act as independent, and would rather suffer death in all its various and frightful shapes, than to conform to anything that is disgraceful."

The firm and decisive tone of this letter, was in accordance with the present temper of Sevier and his adherents. The compromise entered into by the contracting parties on the 20th March, was found to be, in some of the counties, of little avail.—"It is agreed and it is recommended" were terms sufficiently explicit and strong to be obligatory on the masses, and their "regard to peace, tranquility and good decorum" led *them* to respect the provisions of the agreement made by Gen. Shelby and Gov. Sevier. But in those counties, where the recent Act of North Carolina had vacated certain of the offices, and where commissions under her authority, had been accepted and acted under, a spirit of faction and discontent developed itself. The *ins* and the *outs*, as is sometimes seen with more modern politicians, quarreled. A question arose as to the *powers*, who had negotiated the late "agreement and recommendation." By common consent, the office-holders considered them invalid and irregular. The truce was ended. Governor Sevier determined that he and the other officers of Franklin would "act as independent." But still to this declaration, Gov Caswell replied in a very friendly and conciliatory spirit, favorable to separation on the conditions previously specified. "If the violent passions of some men among you," said he, "are not restrained, if they are suffered to break out, it will be putting the day farther off, and perhaps the separation may not be effected without bloodshed. This, I am sure, neither you nor any other man capable of reflection, would wish to see, if it can be avoided by justifiable means. You may rely upon it that my sentiments are clearly in favor of a separation, whenever the people think themselves of sufficient strength and abilities to support a government."

General Shelby, the other diplomatist, proposed, in the meantime, to the Government he represented, the adoption of more energetic and efficient measures, and asks that troops and ammunition should be sent to restore order and enforce the laws in Franklin, and suggests that aid for that purpose might be obtained from the contiguous counties of Virginia.

At this alarming crisis, in the affairs of the two communities most interested in it, Colonel A. Bledsoe, of Nashville, and a gentleman of great personal influence and weight of character, aided by his presence in the disaffected counties, in keeping down any violence or outbreak. He also addressed to Governor Caswell a letter rather seconding the views of General Shelby, but suggesting that the Governor should once more address the people, advising them of the necessity and advantage of returning to their duty once more, and of the danger

and evil consequences of further attempts at independence, and expressing his belief that such an address, from the Governor, would have a very good effect upon the principal people in the revolted party.

The moderation and good sense of Governor Caswell seem to have been never at fault, and at no time to have forsaken him. To the suggestions of General Shelby, of maintaining the authority of North Carolina, by an armed force, the Governor replied negatively and adds, "that it would be very imprudent to add to the dissatisfaction of the Western people, by showing a wish to encourage the shedding of blood, as thereby, a civil war would be brought on, which, at all times, should be avoided, if possible." What profound wisdom—what ardent patriotism are here exhibited. Let the virtue and ability of Caswell ever be revered by North Carolina, by Tennessee, and by the country at large! In the same letter, the Governor goes on to say: "I must therefore recommend to you, the using of every means in your power, to conciliate the minds of the people, as well, those who call themselves Franklinites, as the friends and supporters of Government. If things could be dormant, as it were, till the next Assembly, and each man's mind be employed in considering your common defence against the savage enemy, I should suppose it best, and whenever unanimity prevails amongst your people, and their strength and numbers will justify an application for a separation; if it is general, I have no doubt of its taking place upon reciprocal and friendly terms." The Governor, at the same time, forwarded through Gen. Shelby, a long address to the disaffected inhabitants, in which he says: "that although the behavior of some of the refractory might justify coercive measures, yet of the consequences that must ensue from them, and I am willing to hope, that upon reflection, and due consideration—a moment's thought must evince the necessity of mutual friendship, and the ties of brotherly love being cemented among you." He concludes this long and most conciliatory communication thus: "I will conclude by once more entreating you to consider the dreadful calamities and consequences of a civil war. Humanity demands this of me. Your own good sense will point out the propriety of it; at least, let all animosities and disputes subside till the next Assembly; even let things remain as they are, without pursuing compulsory measures, until then, and I flatter myself that that honorable body will be disposed to do what is just and right, and what sound policy may dictate."

Nothing yet had occurred between Franklin and North Carolina, so well calculated to heal the breach and effect a reconciliation between them, as this letter of Gov. Caswell and the action of the North Carolina Legislature communicated in it. The origin and cause of the separation, at the time it occurred, was the Cession Act. That had been repeal-

ed. The great object of the secessionists, now was independence of North Carolina, so as to avoid a reënactment of the repealed law. The apprehension of that objectionable and inadmissible policy was removed in the minds of some of the earliest and most steadfast friends of Franklin, by the assurances of the Governor and Legislature of North Carolina, that at the proper time, a new State should be formed, and their cherished wishes for independence should be gratified, if the malcontents would return to their allegiance. The argument was forcible, to many perfectly satisfactory and irresistible. It inflicted a vital stab upon the new government, which, within the next year, caused its dissolution.

Under the Franklin Treaties, new lands had been acquired from the Cherokees. To these a flood of emigrants flowed in rapidly, and the Franklin settlements extended to and embraced the country East and North of the Little Tennessee. Coming thus in close proximity to the territory and people of Georgia, an alliance between the latter and Franklin was considered as mutually advantageous and desirable. Gov. Houston accordingly commissioned Gov. Sevier as a Brigadier General in the service of Georgia, in order to secure the assistance and coöperation of the Franklin soldiery, in the occupancy and defence of the projected settlements in the great bend of the Tennessee River—now North Alabama. Gov. Sevier was not unwilling to accept this evidence of the confidence and friendship of Georgia. He was sensible of the opposition Franklin had encountered, and the growing discontent and difficulty yet to be encountered, from some in the new State and from the government of North Carolina. His Cherokee neighbors, and their allies, the Creeks, were ready at any moment to take advantage of the necessities of the infant government, and involve it in a general war. He took the precaution, therefore, to assure himself of the good feeling and coöperation of the Georgians, and to identify that people with his own in the common cause of self-defence and self-protection. With many of their leading men, he had become acquainted in the Revolutionary war. Some of them had been at his side on King's Mountain and other battle-grounds of that struggle. Some of them at its close had followed him to the West and adhered to his fortunes in every vicissitude. The countrymen of Clarke, Pickens and Matthews, all knew his gallantry, and were his steadfast friends. Under these circumstances it is not strange, that the authorities of Georgia made an engagement with those of Franklin to suppress the hostilities of the Creek Indians, and to bind the two communities in the bonds of a common brotherhood.

Such a fraternization had now become, with Sevier, a pressing necessity. Some of the causes for separating the Western counties from the parent State, had either ceased to exist, or operated now, upon the minds of the people, with less intensity, and it had become evident that a very for-

midable party, in Franklin, was now opposed to a further continuance of the new Government. Appointees, of North Carolina, now held regular sessions of their courts in Washington county. In other counties, the authority of Franklin was so far extinct, that of North Carolina so fully recognized, that elections for the Greeneville Assembly were not held, but representatives were regularly chosen for the old State, to meet in Tarboro'. Of those thus elected, several had been the steadfast friends of separation and independence, and had been the principal functionaries of the new Commonwealth. Even Greene county, which had heretofore refused to permit commissions emanating from the old dynasty, to be accepted and acted under, within its boundaries, had partaken of the general defection, and elected to the Tarboro' Assembly, as Senator, the presiding Judge of the Franklin Bench, and as members of the House, Daniel Kennedy, one of the Franklin brigadiers, and James Reese, Esq., recently a member of its Legislature.

Washington county, in like manner, was represented now, by members who had been the first to propose, and the most active in carrying into effect, the insurrectionary movement. Sullivan county, too, had chosen for representatives to the Tarboro' Assembly, gentlemen, who had been original supporters of Franklin, and advocates of separation.—Sevier and Caswell counties, alone, maintained their allegiance to the new State, and adhered to Sevier and his fortunes; and even in these, there were not wanting men, whose position was equivocal, and who hesitated not to dissuade from further resistance to the current, which now set so strongly in favor of the mother State. Harassed by the difficulties that surrounded his official position, and perplexed by the duties and responsibilities devolving on him as a patriot, Governor Sevier instituted a further embassy to Georgia, with the hope of extricating himself and his government from accumulating embarrassments. As a dernier resort, he invited the mediation of Georgia,* between North Carolina and Franklin. This embassy, however, was followed by no practical benefit to Franklin. The authorities of Georgia, while they eulogized the spirit of the Franks, and expressed the hope for their success, did nothing in the proposed mediation. They, however, renewed the plan of co-operation by Franklin and Georgia, in the conquest of the Creek Nation. Dispatches containing the proceedings at Augusta, and the alliance between the contracting parties, were forwarded, by express, to Governor Sevier. This intelligence was hailed with joy by his adherents, and was not unacceptable to that part of the people, who had transferred, or were prepared to transfer their allegiance to the mother State. The object of the alliance—the conquest of the Creeks,

* For a further account of the negotiation between Franklin and Georgia, see "Ramsey's Tennessee," page 376 to 399.

and the occupancy of the country below them, on the Tennessee,—accorded exactly with the martial spirit of the Western soldiery, and comported well with their character and taste for adventure and enterprise. Small as was their number, remote and inaccessible as was the theatre for the contemplated campaign, difficulty and danger only stimulated them to the undertaking, and they longed for the opportunity of carrying their victorious arms to the country above Mobile Bay. Rumors had reached them of the occlusion of the Mississippi, and they already cherished the design of opening up, by their own swords, a channel of commerce with the world, in despite of Federal indifference or foreign diplomacy and injustice.

If the people of Franklin rejoiced at this intelligence, it may be easily supposed that Gov. Sevier received it with the highest gratification. He was too sagacious, not to have observed that the new State was at the point of dissolution—the crisis was at hand which it could not probably survive. Elections had not been holden of members for a succeeding session of the Franklin Assembly. His gubernatorial term would expire in a few short months. He was, himself, ineligible and a successor could be appointed only by a vote of the legislative bodies. The only chance of preserving the integrity of his government was that the projected campaign would silence the clamor of the malcontents, and restore harmony and concert to the distracted members of his little republic. This hope was fallacious and illusory; but the Governor's perseverance was indomitable, and by a circular to each colonel of all the counties, he made an appeal to the chivalry of the country to rally to his standard and volunteer for the distant service. This appeal by Gov. Sevier to the gallantry of his countrymen was responded to, in their usual warlike spirit. An army of volunteers was at once recruited and only waited for the promised aid of Georgia to commence the campaign. The expedition was afterwards abandoned on account of a treaty with the Indians under authority of Congress. This delay, and the consequent disappointment of the militia of Franklin, baffled the hope its Governor had cherished of harmonizing the people, in support of the new government. The volunteers were restless, impatient and disappointed. Employment suited to their taste—danger, with which habit had made them familiar—victory, which had ever followed them and their leader—conquest, which they never doubted—renown, which they deified—achievement, which they idolized,—and fame, for which they sighed,—had suddenly vanished and eluded their grasp. Not a word of censure was uttered against their gallant commander-in-chief, but the soldiery remained, in sullen silence and discontent, at home.

Pending negotiations for obtaining auxiliaries from abroad, the new government was every day losing an adherent at home, who, by transferring his allegiance to North Carolina, sensibly dimin-

ished the influence and authority of Sevier. In 1787, there scarcely remained in the Commonwealth of Franklin vitality enough to give it a nominal existence; its substance and strength were absolved into the Carolina *Regime*, and the pangs of political annihilation having thus come, little more of the skeleton of the government was left than its head. That, still, under all the debility which affected the body, retained its wonted vitality and vigor. The Council of State had participated in the general disaffection, and some of its members had accepted office under North Carolina, while others had failed to meet their colleagues in the Board, or had formerly withdrawn from it. The judiciary, in its highest department, was annihilated by the election of Judge Campbell to a seat in the Tarboro Legislature, and his appointment by that body as Judge of the Superior Court at Jonesboro. The Legislature of Franklin suffered also from the prevalent disintegration, and manifested a strong tendency to dismemberment. From some of the old counties there was no representation, while the delegates from others exhibited indecision or discordance.

In September, of this year, a quorum was got together, and constituted, at Greeneville, the last Legislature of Franklin. Its legislation was unimportant. The Governor was scarcely able to secure the passage of an act to provide for descending, with his troops, the Tennessee river, and taking possession of its Great Bend. This bill was passed by a compromise. The *quid pro quo*, given to the dissentients, was the appointment of two delegates, to make to the Legislature of North Carolina, such representations of the affairs of Franklin as might be thought proper.

The Legislature, however, failed to elect the State Council, and the Governor was thus left "alone in his glory." Some of the old Board, though no longer his constitutional advisers, dissuaded him from further effort to perpetuate the new government, and advised him to yield to the necessity that portended its fate, and threatened to overwhelm its executive. Vestige after vestige of Franklin was obliterated; its judiciary was gone; its legislature reduced to a skeleton; its council effete, defunct, powerless; its military disorganized, if not discordant; and its masses confused and distracted, with no concert and unanimity among themselves.

Distraction extended, likewise, to the lower judicial tribunals of Franklin. The possession of the Court Records was, of course, desired by the rival parties: a scuffle would ensue, ending sometimes in a general fight. Scenes of disorder took place, which were generally sources of merriment and pleasurable excitement, rather than causes of settled malice or revenge. The parties separated, and soon after were friends. In Washington county, however, the dispute became acrimonious, and at length generated a feeling of inappeasable malignity between the leaders of their respective parties. From

the commencement of the revolt, this county had been the seat of a central influence, which, while it remained united, was able to repress any opposition to its authority. That central power was represented by two very numerous and very respectable families, the leaders of which were John Sevier and John Tipton,—each alike, brave, patriotic and ambitious. Each had been distinguished by martial exploits, and patriotic services in civil life. They had conquered together at the defeat of Ferguson, and coöperated together harmoniously in all the incipient measures of the insurrectionary government. On one occasion, as has been mentioned, when Sevier hesitated and dissuaded from separation, Tipton was decided in support of that measure. Tipton became an officer under the new government. After the repeal of the Cession Act, the former returned to his allegiance to the parent State and was now a member of its legislature—the latter maintained his opposition to it. They were now implacable enemies. Each of them had political adherents and personal friends. Neither of them had a personal enemy. Each of these leaders, it is reasonable to suppose, felt the ambition to supplant his rival, and prevent his supremacy.

In the midst of these rivalries there was still no outbreak or tumult. The Legislature of North Carolina, at its sessions of 1787, continued and extended its conciliatory policy towards the revolters. The former acts of pardon and oblivion were reënacted, and those, who availed themselves of the advantages specified therein, were restored to the privileges of citizenship. Suits were dismissed, which had been instituted for the recovery of penalties or forfeitures incurred by a non-compliance with the revenue laws.—These pacific and satisfactory measures were suggested and supported by the late revolters, but now members from the Western counties, and went far to remove the remaining discontent and quiet the complaints of the citizens. But the Governor of Franklin still retained his elastic and sanguine temper, and as late as January 24, 1788, continued to inspire his adherents with hope. To one of his Generals at that date he says: "I am happy to inform you that I find our friends very warm and steady—much more than heretofore." Very warm and steady were indeed the friends of John Sevier, but not of the Governor of Franklin, now tottering into ruins. In little more than one month, Franklin had ceased to be.

UNDER THE LAVA.

Far down in the depths of my spirit
  Out of the sight of man,
Lies a buried Herculaneum
  Whose secrets none may scan.
No warning cloud of sorrow
  Cast its shadow o'er my way,
No drifting shower of ashes
  Made of life a Pompeii.
But a sudden tide of anguish
  Like molten lava rolled,
And hardened—hardened—hardened—
  As its burning waves grew cold.
Beneath it youth was buried,
  And Love, and Hope, and Trust,
And life unto me seemed nothing—
  Nothing but ashes and dust.
Oh! it was glorious! glorious!
  That past with its passionate glow,
Its beautiful painted frescoes,
  Its statues white as snow.
When I tasted love's ambrosia
  As it melted in a kiss,
When I drank the wine of friendship
  And believed in earthly bliss;
When I breathed the rose's perfume,
  With lilies wreathed my hair,
And moved to liquid music
  As it floated on the air.
To me it was real—real—
  That passionate blissful joy,
Which Grief may encrust with lava,
  But Death can alone destroy.
'Twas a life all bright and golden,
  Bright with the light of love,
A past still living though buried
  With another life above.
Another life built o'er it,
  With other love and friends,

Which my spirit often leaveth
And into the past descends.
Though buried deep in ashes
Of burnt out hopes it lies,
Under the hardened lava
From which it ne'er can rise;
It is no ruined city—
No city of the dead—
When in the mid-night watches
Its silent streets I tread.
To me it changeth never,
Buried in all its prime—
Not fading—fading—fading—
Under the touch of Time.
The beautiful frescoes painted
By Fancy still are there,
With glowing tints unchanging
Till brought to upper air.
And many a graceful statue
In marble white as snow,
Stands fair and all unbroken
In that silent "Long Ago."
It is not dead but living
My glorious buried past!
With its life of passionate beauty
Its joy too bright to last.
But living under the lava,
For the pictures fade away,
And the statues crumble—crumble—
When brought to the light of day.
And like to Dead Sea apples
Is Love's ambrosia now,
And the lilies wither—wither—
If I place them on my brow.
And so I keep them ever,
Things from this life apart,
Under the lava and ashes
Down in the depths of my heart.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

COLONEL THOMAS H. BENTON.

As Colonel Benton was a native of North Carolina, I thought some notice of him, in a magazine published in his native State, may be acceptable.

His public life I leave to history which, I hope, when divested of party rancor, will do him the justice denied by contemporaries.

Of his early career, I know nothing, personally. He was favorably introduced to my notice by his friend and fellow officer in the army of 1812, Gov. James P. Preston. He afterwards married Governor Preston's niece, Miss McDowell, my friend and relative. I thus came to know him intimately, and take pleasure in testifying to his many virtues in private and domestic life.

Owing to the reports which had reached them, Miss McDowell's friends were rather opposed to her marriage, and he was, perhaps, coldly received by them—but such feelings were soon changed by his constant tenderness to his wife, and uniform respectful attentions to her relations; this lasted through life, and it was impossible not to love and admire him as a friend.

For several years before her death, Mrs. Benton was so paralyzed as scarcely to be able to speak. During the whole of this affliction, the Colonel's attentions were never remitted, never faltered, and he required his household to pay her the same respect, she had been accustomed to command when in health. It was touching to see her sitting at the head of her table with honorable guests surrounding it, and he, with the most delicate tact, dispensing those courtesies, which, under other circumstances, were her duty. The Colonel's letters, after her death, were full of expressions of the greatest admiration of her character, and his after-life showed his tender devotion to her memory. Mrs. Benton was endowed with great natural abilities, cultivated by constant intercourse with the best society of our country, and was always considered an ornament to it. She was the sister of Governor McDowell, of Virginia, and near relative and attached friend, from childhood, of Colonel William C. Preston, of South Carolina. During the long political estrangement between Colonel Benton and Colonel Preston, Mrs. B. never forgot the dignity of the wife, nor the kindness of the friend. Their reconciliation was a relief to both, and productive of much pleasure.

Every one knows the amount of work Colonel Benton accomplished in his public capacity—but, perhaps, few are aware of the labors of his private and domestic life. This was his routine one winter. After the late dinner usual in Washington, he retired to his chamber and took a short nap, then rose and taught his children until 10 o'clock, then accompanied his wife, or any young lady who might be under

his protection, to some private party, returned at 12, slept until 4, then arose, read Spanish with his teacher for two hours—then his refreshing early walk and breakfast prepared him for the public duties of the day. Such was the system that procured for him the character of the most laborious man of his time. Col. Benton was tall and inclined to corpulency, fair haired, blue eyed and rather pale. His constant labors told on his complexion—not handsome, but would be remarked in any crowd as a fine looking *gentleman*. His manners were uniformly respectful to ladies, and I never saw anything but the utmost courtesy in social life, although I knew he was accused of rudeness in the Senate. He had some little peculiarities of manner, at which his friends laughed. Such, for instance, as repeating a sentence several times, 'How do you do, how do you do, how do you do,' or asserting, 'that's so, that's so, that's so, yes, yes, that's so,' nodding his head every time. Sometimes there was a little ebullition of vanity, excusable in one who had risen so high, and who was constantly receiving honors and adulation.

Speaking of Col. Benton recalls to my mind his brother-in-law, Gov. McDowell, of Virginia. I will, therefore, give a slight sketch of him, as I knew him from childhood—and I never knew a purer man. His youth was moral, his after life religious, and the high sense of honor he inherited from his ancestry, shone forth in every action of his life. He was a native of Rockbridge county, Virginia—a county that has the honor of having given birth to more distinguished men than any other county in the State, and in every department in life; from the Rev. Archibald Alexander, President of Princeton College, nearly a century ago, to Cyrus McCormick, who has just received the highest honors in England and France, as the best machinist in the world. Settled at first by hardy Scotch Irish Presbyterians, they at once set themselves to work to erect churches and schools, and verily they have been rewarded in their moral, industrious, intelligent descendants, who have lately illustrated their good taste and appreciation of worth, by inviting to, and cherishing in their bosom, the most beloved and honored one of our State, whose name will go down to posterity associated with that of the Father of His Country.

Mr. McDowell was born October, 1795, and at an early age was placed in the family of the Rev. Samuel Brown, of Providence church, Rockbridge, not too far from home to be exempt from its blessed influences. When old enough, he attended the schools in Lexington until prepared for college. He was first sent to Yale, but becoming dissatisfied there, with his father's consent he removed to Princeton, where he soon established an enviable reputation as a student and speaker, and graduated with honor.—He studied law but did not come to the bar. Having an ample fortune and marrying early, he preferred the quiet pursuits of lit-

erature as a country gentleman—but his talents and worth could not be hidden from the discerning community around him, and he was soon called to serve the interests of his county and *party* in the Legislature. Mr. McDowell was a decided Democrat of that day, but liberal to all. Soon after his election as Governor, a leading Democrat called on him to remonstrate on his retaining Capt. Dimmock as Superintendent of the armory. "Why not, he is better suited to the place than any one I know." "But he is a Whig," said the gentleman. "That makes no difference if he does his duty," replied the Governor. "Then, sir, you cannot be sustained by your party." "I am here to serve the State." He never afterwards seemed to have any respect for that gentleman, although a prominent leader of his party. He was scrupulously conscientious in his public as well as private life. I have seen him walk the floor in almost an agony of feeling, his strict sense of justice conflicting with his tender sensibilities, when applied to for pardons. I remember one occasion particularly, when a *young lady* came as a wife only could come, to petition for her husband, who was convicted of forgery—her overwhelming misery was almost too much for the Governor, and he faltered, but after a while stern justice conquered. "If it had been the first offence," he said, "but unfortunately the act has been committed several times, and shows the want of principle."

As an orator Mr. McDowell had few superiors. His action was classical and fluent—his manner graceful and dignified. I have been told his announcement to Congress of the death of the Ex-President, J. Q. Adams, was the most touching effort ever made on the floor of Congress—and when he repeated the old familiar lines,

> "'Tis not the whole of life to live,
> Nor all of death to die."

there was a thrill throughout the house. It sounds a little ludicrous to us now, that several gentlemen came up and asked him where he got that beautiful quotation. Notwithstanding his reputation as an orator, of which he must have been conscious, it was often with difficulty he overcame his natural diffidence, and it always cost him an effort to appear before a strange audience. He was in Cambridge in '46, the day of Commencement. By some means it was found out he was in the Hall, and he was immediately sought out and conducted to the platform and seated between President J. Q. Adams and Governor Winthrop. Mr. Sumner made a speech—the subject—a eulogy on Judge Story and Bowditch. I do not remember how he brought in abolition and the South, but I can't forget Mr. McDowell's amused and sarcastic look, as he raised his eyes to where I sat in the gallery. After the ceremonies were over Mr. McDowell attempted to join his party, but the officials accompanied him and insisted on his going to the dinner. He made many excuses—among others he had to escort a lady returning to the South to the steamboat. Gov. Winthrop turned to the lady and politely asked her to

excuse him. "Certainly," she replied, "I can easily defer my departure till to-morrow," and he was carried off in triumph. That evening, I spent at Abbot Lawrence's. A number of gentlemen came in full of the treat they had had in Mr. McDowell's dinner speech. His style, his manner, his personal appearance were enthusiastically praised; and above all, the extreme modesty and dignity of his demeanor.

If Mr. McDowell had lived in more eventful times he would have been a prominent man, but, fortunately for him, he entered into the rest that remains for the people of God before our troubles commenced.

FARMER BUMBLEBY.

"ALL WOOL."

I.

This is the Legend of what befell
Farmer Bumbleby—down a well.

II.

Farmer Bumbleby. One of those,
Broad of shoulders and square of toes,

That never lose, of their lives, a day,
Nor know of a debt that they cannot pay.

With a "hundred" arms and an eye that scanned
Every finger of every hand.

"Briaerius—Argus!" one to keep
A Bank account with his bees and sheep.

In short, of that natural "order" which
Ripens at forty and ripens—rich!

Rich and rosily, ripened he!
My burliest, busiest—Bumbleby.

III

Farmer Bumbleby digged a—wait!
Mutton! We won't anticipate.

Farmer Bumbleby owned a RAM,
Black as Egypt, begot of "Ham."

Sire, (such was the Squire's delight,)
To flocks with never a fleck of—"white."

Name of Legion! and *now* it fell
That Farmer Bumbleby digged his well.

IV.

Forty feet from the surface, sheer
To gravel, tokening water near.

A picket-paling that rambled nigh
Veiled the pit from a careless eye.

Not too high for the running leap
Of an average fool of a frightened sheep.

V.

"Something hinders the curb inside."
Something lacking to cause it slide.

"Master's hand is the oil," said he—
Down he went like a Bumble-Bee,

Sent it home with a rumble, when—
What *did* enter those black sheep then?

VI.

HAM, and the whole of his colored kin,
Seized at once by the sire of sin!

First a frolic and then a fright;
A headlong, diabolic flight

For the little picket, established nigh
The present quarters of Bumbleby.

VII.

Front the lightning! and, if you will,
Turn Niagara up the hill!

Cross the hurricane's path! but keep
Your chivalry clear of a charge of sheep.

VIII.

Here they come, with a stamp and stare!
Over the fence, and a foot to spare!

Wooly cataract! first the sire
And then the progeny, high and higher.

Mutton-torrent; and every sheep
Mad for the highest and lowest leap!

Over the wall with a demivolt,
Down the well, like a catapult!

Endless? nay, for the pit is full;
Up to the windlass, a well of wool.

IX.

'Twas August! The first went down at day,
The last came up when the skies were gray;

Night, when Bumbleby reached the air,
A Picture! *Paint* him! I might despair,

But Black, *the* color, is close and cheap,
And *there's* his likeness upon a sheep!

Deftly done! but a bolder sleight
The Fuller's that ever *un*-paints him, white!

X.

Enough! may never your hands expel
Such a sick man from such a well!

XI.

We laid him out on the grass to cool,
And he fainted, faltering "d-a-s-h all wool!"

He lived but dwindled, the wretched man,
From fat and rosy to gaunt and wan.

A double horror oppressed his soul—
A mutton-mountain and *that* "black hole."

No peace his days; and his nights no sleep;
Ever his morning-and-night-mare—Sheep!

All wool became, and we banished it,
Another name for—"another fit!"

XII.

At last we saw in his waning eye
That either the man must change or die.

We called the Doctor; he came, in cloth!
And ordered, mortally, "mutton-broth!"

XIII.

HAVE you an uncle? Whose name is Sam?
Has your uncle a pet black Ram?

Kind, I think, of his kin to tell
Your uncle of Bumbleby and his Well.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

GOING in the kitchen, I startled its numerous occupants at my unexpected and untimely presence in their dominion. They evidently had the sway there, to judge from appearances. Mother would have been horror-stricken at the sight of a biscuit-board on the floor, trodden by the feet of numerous little dark, sleek urchins that ran and hid themselves behind their mothers' gowns, when they saw me, screaming "The new mistis! the new mistis!"

The floor was stained with dirt, the stove rusty and streaked with grease, while the pans that hung, some on the wall, others strewn about in every direction, were dim and obscured from their natural glory, as I had never seen pans before. "Plenty for me to do," I thought, as I surveyed it all quickly and made my resolutions.

"Good morning," I said with calm dignity, "I have come to see about breakfast. What does Mr. Chauncey like?"

A broad stare was my only reply, until I repeated my question, when two or three voices essayed to answer.

"Which is the cook?" I asked.

"I'se cook, ma'am," replied one black as 'the ace of spades,' for want of a comparison, yet with a keen, bright eye and an air of briskness that betokened considerable smartness, more frequently exerted in eye-service than in the minor details of an

* Continued from page 50.

orderly kitchen, cleanly cooking utensils—more from the need of a mistress' presence, I suspected, than from a natural lack of energy.

Here shall begin my work of reformation, I inwardly decided; there's enough for me to do for the present,—and all this enormous family of servants, how can they be supported now, reduced in means as he is, they having nothing to do at present, and yet swallowing up all the profits.—Mother's training was not lost upon me, and I was too much interested in Alfred's welfare not to be thoroughly alive to everything of a practical nature.

I closely questioned them as to what he liked or disliked, desirous of consulting his tastes in all that was done.

"He don't like nuffin now," remarked the cook, with an accent of discontent in her tone, "he don't hardly eat nuffin."

"What is that? an omelette you are going to prepare for breakfast? Is that what you give him every morning? Let there be something else this morning."

"Dunno what it'll be then, miss," she replied sullenly, "he will eat that as soon as anything."

I did not stop to parley with her, but quietly proceeded as I intended, and when she declared her ignorance of such a dish, I bade her procure me the materials and set to work myself.

She had had pretty much the sway there since Mrs. Chauncey's death, as the housekeeper had left immediately after that had occurred, and, I suppose, had anticipated something of the kind from the unsophisticated girl that was to assume the post of her former mistress. I quickly showed them, however, that they had nothing to expect from that.—Calmly and quietly, I assumed my post as a lady and mistress of the household, and with native quickness and tact she changed her manner at once. From a look of sullen, ill-concealed displeasure, and a disposition to pertness in her tone, she suddenly became very brisk and attentive, bringing me the things I wanted with alacrity, and growing complimentary if not flattering.

"You *is* a smart young lady," she expressed as her opinion. "You do things so nice. Why, I spec as how you can do a'most anything. I think as how ladies oughter come in their kitchen."

This was said very wisely and sententiously, as if delivering herself of some precomposed address she deemed would be agreeable to my peculiar inclinations.

"If it is kept clean," I answered quietly, and keeping her at a distance, for she was too much disposed to familiarity. She looked confused, and muttered something about the children.

"Have they no other place to stay?" I asked.

"There's the quarter, miss, but they don't like to stay there."

"Why?"

"The glass is broke out the winders and they're cold."

"I will see to having it repaired and made comfortable."

"They'll sot it on fire by theyselves."

"I will see also that they are attended to."

So I busied myself for some time, ascertaining their wants and arranging some little delicacy, I hoped would tempt my dear one's lost appetite.

When my little preparations were ready, the table neatly, tastefully arranged with the windows opened just enough to let a cheerful brightness into the room, I had him called to breakfast.

"Mars Alfred says, madam," said the stately waiter, coming back from my mission, "wont you be pleased to excuse his absence, as he is not well and will keep his room."

If the man had not been there I should have burst into tears, I was so disappointed and distressed. I wanted to see him and when would I have the opportunity?—Not for hours—and my work all thrown away. I felt faint and sick; it seemed so useless to try, but suddenly taking courage again I determined to make another effort. So rising, I took the prettiest silver waiter I could find, arranged the delicacies I had prepared in fine porcelain, and crowned the whole with a bouquet of choice, lovely flowers.

This time I sent by his nurse, thinking that she might have some influence perhaps to induce him to partake of it—and—my heart also whispered a secret hope that he might know—that she might say, perhaps—who had so zealously cared for him—at least she might let him know that I thought of him. She soon returned with the waiter untouched.

"He wouldn't let me in," she said with indignant anxiety, "I don't know what's to become of him at this rate. I'm afeared for his life. Does he mean to starve hisself to death for that critter?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed in extreme distress, "what can I do for him."

"Nothing at all, miss, but trust in the Lord that it'll come right somehow. He's often shut hisself up that a way since—since she treated him so scandalous.—Mebbe now he's got another one here, he'll come out of these ways."

"Order one of the boys in the garden with me," I said quickly, flushing crimson to my temples.

I spent the morning there working in the borders, rooting up weeds, pruning vines with my scissors, training them in the proper direction, where they had burst from their support and trailed along the ground. Working energetically I got some of the squares in order before the midday sun had rendered it time for me to cease from out-door labors, and to seek the refreshing coolness within.

Then I busied myself about the house; there was much to be done, and the numerous servants were set to work in all directions—yet not noisily—I would have him disturbed by no housekeeper's bustle, but as quietly as possible, and as far from his room as the space would admit.

He was there all day. I made another effort, and in much fear and trembling sent him a cooling drink.

"Yes, miss, he drank it," replied Melissa, in answer to my look of inquiry, "he seemed burning up with thirst."

He appeared at dinner, looking

ing feebler than he did the day before, but he ate more and that was some comfort.—He was even more silent than yesterday, and did not make the slightest effort to entertain me, thinking, perhaps, that I had made myself more at home than he felt, since another's money had redeemed the old place from strangers. Unconquerable shyness in his presence kept me still from saying anything to him. I could not utter commonplaces to him, nor insult him with expressions of the sympathy he did not seek and proudly avoided.—Like a timid child I looked on him with awe, and felt crushed into nothingness before him, his mien was so dark and stern, he seemed so much older than I, and so far removed from me in every way. Indeed his youth seemed to have fled, so different was he from the joyous, brilliant young man of a few months since, all the elasticity belonging to his years gone, life darkened into a tomb.

In the evening he went away, directing his steps to the forest as I could see, then I lost sight of him, for my straining eyes could discern his figure no further. I make the house intolerable to him, I thought. Then I took a walk myself, wending my way to the fields in which I discerned a broad, tempting pathway.

"Me gwine along o' oo," I heard behind me as I started. A sleek little chubby-faced darkey with a roly-poly figure, very much bow-legged, and with a blue domestic slip on, was toddling along behind me.

"Where did *you* come from, and what's your name?"

"I'se Rose, I is, and dars mammy in de skitchen."

"You'll get tired if you walk with me. Those fat, little feet can't carry you far."

Upon that she surveyed her four year old feet with wonderment, as if for the first time conscious of their possession.

"You had better go back to your mother."

"No, no," she shook her head persistently, and approaching closer took a piece of my gown in her hand to hang on to and assist her progress with.

"Then come along, Rose, you may walk with me."

"Whar you gwine? to uncle Pete's?"

Signifying my ignorance of this venerable gentleman, she informed me that he lived in such a direction, the way we were pursuing at present.

I had started from the kitchen door and pursued the path through the yard belonging to it till I reached the farmyard gate. It was not fit for a lady's feet to tread, and I picked my way along with difficulty through the filth till I came to an immense pile of it near the gate, where a rooster clapped his wings and crowed lustily. My strange appearance, too frightened away a whole flock of turkeys that were roosting around a well, which was partly broken down and much dilapidated otherwise. It is a blessing to have something to do, I thought. What would I do here without it?

Going through the gate I entered the green field. There also

destruction had commenced its work, for a whole drove of pigs were busily rooting there, and the cows had broken through the fences.

A bad prospect for wheat this year, and I shook my wise head. There's no time for you to sentimentalize over its verdant beauties, Mary. Life is becoming yet more practical to you, and the dreams of youth are fulfilling themselves strangely, in the necessity of real life.

Here Rose deserted my gown and ran after a squealing pig, which she caught and brought to me, struggling in her arms. This aroused the mother, who ran snorting terrifically towards us. I seized the child, who had let the pig go, and ran swiftly down the path to a small tenement I perceived at its termination, reaching the door just in time to close it on the angry animal. Looking around to see where I was, I found myself in a small cabin dim and obscure with smoke. Two ancient negroes were shaking with the ague by the fire, while a third paused in the act of placing a stew pan on the coals to stare at me. A great high bedstead occupied one-half of the room, nearly, and with three wooden chairs, a clock and a small table constituted its furniture. Two or three old ragged garments stuffed in the window to supply the place of the broken glass, but imperfectly kept the wind out. I knew what it was,—Mr. Chauncey's cabin for the superannuated servants belonging to the estate.

"Sarvent, missus."

"So you live here? Are you comfortable?"

"Marster was very kind and always had us seen to, but since these times, all's out o' sorts, and we wid 'em, so we gets along bad now."

"I will have you attended to. Come up to the house for what you want and you shall have it."

"Casy won't give us nuffin; she's mighty cross and gin me broomstick tother day."

I could scarcely forbear laughing as the picture of the cook pursuing the poor old creature and his lugubrious countenance with a broomstick presented itself, but it was shamefully cruel conduct in her, and should never be done again, I determined.

I sent one of them out to survey the premises, and ascertaining that the dangerous object had left for other parts and was quietly rooting in the meadow below, I ventured out again with the attendant Rose.

"Uncle Pete's potater patch," she informed me. Behind the house sloped their little vegetable garden down to the meadow, where cabbages and potatoes enlivened the yellow bank that descended just there, a heap of clay in the surrounding verdure. A stagnant pool, over which swarmed myriads of green flies, greeted my nostrils on turning in that direction, accounting very plausibly for the prevalent ague and fever.

"Where does that come from?" I asked, turning to the door again and pointing to the offensive object.

"Dat! oh! dat's the slops, miss. We pours 'em out dar."

"Did you always do it?"

"No, marm," replied uncle Pete, who was spokesman, his face as wrinkled as a withered apple, his head as white as a sheet. "Marster was mighty perticler afore dese times, and used to come round 'ere 'amost ebery evenin' to see 'bout us. Den we didn't have der ager so nuther, but we got sick and all got wrong togeder, so I spose we'll die now, our time's cum, praps."

"However that may be," I replied smiling, "there is no use to hasten it, when proper measures can be used for making the place healthier. The filth around the door must be cleared away and I'll see that you have proper food. Come and ask me for whatever you want."

"Thank you, missus." Uncle Pete made me a profound bow, informing me that uncle Jake and uncle Eben were equally obliged but could not express their thanks, on account of the chattering of their jaws at present. So I left, pursuing my walk around the field, finding everywhere much to be seen to, and wondering how I could get it done. To speak to *him* I was afraid, yet I did not like to pursue my plans without his knowledge or concurrence. I knew so well how they could be done, and now was the time to reclaim the place from ruin. What would he say, were I to ask him about these matters? Would he consider it presumption, usurpation of his rights, or an indelicate assumption of authority on the strength of the money expended by my father? Whatever he thinks or says, I must nerve myself to the effort, if I am to do him any good, save him from ruin.

I finished my walk around the field, and returned to the house through the park, then seated myself in the front porch with Rose on a step below me. The child seemed to have taken a fancy to me, and I was glad of it; anything like affection to the lonely, unloved bride was welcome to her then.

I sat there wondering what he would say to me if he came. Would it strike him painfully that a stranger sat there as if awaiting his return, where *she* would have sat had she gone there, welcoming him with her beautiful smile and winning grace, and receiving his warm kisses after an absence that was all too long for him, separated from her? With this thought at each figure that appeared to be approaching, I shrank back nervously, and the sight of him nearing the house, would have made me rush in and hide my unwelcome presence from him.

However, it was midnight before he came, and I heard his door close upon his footsteps. He was weary, and the cries and groans of the preceding night did not smite upon my anxious, listening ear as then. When I sent up to tell him that breakfast was ready, the next morning, the old waiter whose name was Tom, replied,

"He's comin' down, madam, will be here directly."

My heart beat violently as it always did when he approached,

when I heard his foot on the stair.

He came in and bowed to me with ceremonious politeness, and then took his seat at the table. He looked so wretched; it almost maddened me to see him so. It was as when you witness the dying agonies of one tenderly beloved; in such mortal suffering, yet skill has failed, love has nothing more to do, nothing but to look until your own anguish equals that of the dying. We ate in silence. How could he utter commonplaces when his heart was broken? and I fully entered into his feelings in all things.

Yet I must make that dreaded effort for his own sake. I cannot make improvements without consulting him. As he arose from the table, I did so too and arrested his steps as he was leaving the room.

"Mr. Chauncey,"—my heart failed me, and the words died upon my lips.

He heard me and turned around quickly.

"Did you speak to me?" with his stern eyes full on my face.

I *must* speak then. "I wished to consult you about something. There is much to be done here, but I do not like to attempt it without your concurrence"—

"Do as you please," he replied quickly, interrupting me, "It's all your own; do with it as you will."

"Not mine, but yours,—yours—all yours." I cried. But he was gone, did not even hear my last words. I threw myself in a chair and indulged in a passionate fit of weeping.

So he would regard all my efforts for his welfare as selfish, vulgar pretension upon my own account. It seems so useless to work,—but cheer up, Mary, nerve your arm for duty, and leave the rest to God.

Receiving strength and comfort, I set to work again. He was out of the house all that day, so I could do much without fear of disturbing him, and drove thought away in vigorous effort to restore the Grove to its former state of neatness and elegance.

In flitting along the passage up stairs, I passed his door. It was slightly ajar, and for the first time, I hesitatingly ventured in. Half frightened, I withdrew my steps, then, growing bolder, went in farther, until I stood in the centre and looked around me.

It was a commodious apartment, elegantly, tastefully furnished, a mother's hand plainly seen in the comforts of its arrangement, and his own refined taste in the selection of its ornaments. Two or three exquisite paintings hung upon the walls, besides innumerable engravings and statuettes; books lay scattered about in the disorder of these later times, when, what had pleased his eye and gratified his taste, had become indifferent to him. An exquisite writing-table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, occupied one corner, but it was stained as if an ink-stand had been suddenly thrown down, and the contents emptied over it, while the paper and pens were strewn carelessly about as if he

did not care what became of them, now that the charm had departed from his existence. I moved about lightly among the treasures of his youth, picking some up from the dusty floor, and tenderly wiping the dust from them, restoring others to their places, as far as I dared, for I was fearful of his noticing the change, and being angry at the intrusion. Such little things as I could do for his comfort, I accomplished, so that he would not see what had been done, yet be benefited by it: such as smoothing his pillow, putting clean, cool linen upon it, and arranging articles upon his toilet table.

I trembled for fear he might return and find me there, darting to the door at every sound and looking anxiously down the passage; almost equally afraid of being caught by the servants,—there in Mr. Chauncey's room.

As I went out I met Melissa at the door, and flushed crimson as she looked at me in a startled way, but quickly recovering myself I said quietly,

"Mr. Chauncey's room is somewhat disordered. Would he let *you* clean it, Melissa?"

"He wouldn't let none of us go in thar, madam, 'cept to make his bed sometimes, that is, when he's in it. When he's out he don't keer what we do; he don't keer for nothin'."

"Would he mind, do you think, if I had it fixed?"

"Laws-a-mercy, madam, I don't think he'd know it even; he don't notice nothin'. I wish poor young marster was like himself."

"Aye," I sighed, and left her, having been drawn into this conversation more as a relief to my embarrassment than because I desired or had intended it.

Thus passed one day after another. Since he had waived all interest in his affairs and had left me to do as I pleased, I proceeded with energy to repair the damages that ruin had wrought in that formerly highly cultivated place. Consulting my father, I drew much information from his experience, and acted upon his advice which was invaluable to me at that period. A sufficient time had not elapsed since the elder Mr. Chauncey's careful superintendence of the farming operations, for us to be irremediably behindhand, and a vigorous hand might do much for next year, and some little for this. As much of the ground as I could, I turned into a garden for late vegetables, resolving, with a secret blush at the expedient I was obliged to resort to in giving the proud name of Chauncey such associations, to sell my crop at the county market town. The need of ready money perplexed me much. It was time that the servants had their summer clothing prepared, and all was yet to be done; no money to do it with. Then many of them were a dead expense upon the property—able to work, but there was not work enough for them to have suitable employment, where the family was so small and required so little at their hands.—They lolled about listlessly all day, sleeping in the sun or playing with the children. This was the puzzle—how to get rid of them. I could hire them out, but

what would Alfred say? What would he think of my sending his old family servants out from their old home upon the mercy of a world they knew nothing of? yet he could not stand it. I could make nothing, not even the ends meet, while a number of idle, useless people were supported on the estate—a part of which only had been redeemed from debt, while it was my hope and special ambition to save the rest from being partitioned off from us, leaving but a third of what had once belonged to the Chauncey property.

Upon consulting mother, she said:

"Why don't you ask Mr. Chauncey about it? He could hardly object where it's so much to his advantage."

There was the stumbling-block between mother and myself. I could not enter into explanation, and she would not tacitly understand, so I did not go home often on account of that. The subject that was upon the lips, in the hearts of both uppermost when we met, was a sealed one between us, so there was mutual restraint. The moment I perceived those dreaded questions approaching, questions about Alfred and his present state of mind, whether he noticed me or not, I arose to go, or quickly changed the subject, so I was seldom troubled with them, though he was always in our thoughts when we were together. Nor did my parents go often to the Grove. Mother had more to do now that I had left home; then I think she was afraid of Alfred and dreaded meeting him even in her very occasional visits.

"I wonder what he'd a done," she said in a tone of indignation, "if all this had happened after his marriage, and he'd a had a fine lady wife on his hands."

"He would have worked and supported her," I replied gravely.

"Much good she'd a done him, then," answered mother, contemptuously, "I wonder if she'd a tried as you have, nor would'nt a known how, if she had."

As Destiny had directed matters differently, I could not reply, but could not help wondering with her, what the superb Adéle would have done with a poor husband. I will not be uncharitable,—it might have called her out from self and given a new and loftier bias to her character. I did ask him about the servants, for I could not tell what to do. He was entering the hall door, his hair hanging wild and loose, under a slouch hat that half concealed his features, as he came in dripping with rain.

"Mr. Chauncey, I wished to speak with you about something."

He took his hat off and bowed. I had, with difficulty, raised my courage up to the required height, but when he looked at me in that way, those dark, searching eyes of his, between the long hair that fell, in wild, tangled curls almost to his shoulders, I was confused at once, and unable to express myself as I wished. I never *will* be able to make him think better of me, I thought bitterly.

"Mr. Chauncey, indeed, I don't like to do these things without asking you about them—that

is—I mean to say—I—I—was thinking"—

"Well," he said with a slight curl of the lip, and gesture of impatience as if wishing to go, "did you wish to speak to me?"

"I was going to say that there were a great many servants here, so many more than I know what to do with, or can find clothes for, while they eat up all that is raised here, and—and, I was going to ask you about it,—if I might hire some of them out. I do not like to do it, as they are your old family servants, but under present circumstances, would you object?"

He had fixed his steady gaze upon me, to my great discomfiture, while I made this speech, but when I ceased, he merely smiled a sort of scornful smile, waved his hand as if to say, "I told you before to do as you pleased with your own, why trouble me about what does not concern me? only do not disturb me on these matters again; I have nothing to do with them," then proceeded on his way up stairs, where I heard him close, and lock, the door upon himself presently.

Useless! I sighed, I must proceed without him, then. How wet and cold he looked, poor Alfred.

I had a fire made in his room, against his return, and had drawn an arm-chair with a dressing gown thrown over it, before the cheerful blaze, hoping that he would notice these little attentions to his comfort and think,—perhaps,—that it was *my* work, that the unloved one had cared for him as far as her poor hand could.

So I crept up to the room near his, and listened to his movements, to see if he, at least, made use of the articles I had arranged for his comfort, and if he had thrown aside those dripping garments.

All was silent except an occasional start or so. As I could ascertain nothing concerning the source of anxiety, I left the neighborhood as noiselessly as I had approached it.

The first Sunday after my marriage,—I remember it so well—as we sat at the breakfast table, the old waiter said something about its being Sunday morning.

"Sunday?" exclaimed Alfred, quickly turning around, "so it is. Are the horses in good condition?"

"Yes, sir. Perhaps the lady would like to go to church," said Tom, with his stately, old-time courtesy.

"Did you wish to go?" and Alfred looked at me.

"Yes," I replied hesitatingly, "and you—will you go?"

"I! no, no," he answered quickly. "Stay—yes, I cannot permit you to be subjected to such remarks as would necessarily follow my absence. I will go."

"Don't mind the world for me, if it causes you pain to go there," I replied, but so low that he did not hear me, and was gone before I had finished speaking.

With that same courteousness, he handed me in and out of the carriage, ever mindful of the gentleman, even when most distracted with sorrow, and main-

taining a grave, dignified, demeanor in church.

How I was stared at! I felt the steady gaze that was directed at me even through my downcast lids, but left immediately with him after church, before they had had time to gratify their curiosity further. I felt so strangely in the Grove pew, seated where Mrs. Chauncey had been so short a time before, with her fashionable guests. Certainly it was not comfortable. Had *he* not been there I should much have preferred my old seat with my parents across the aisle, beneath the window, where I had looked at him when a boy, my wandering eyes attracted into steady admiration by his remarkable beauty. I glanced at him furtively to notice the contrast between him, as he now was and then. Alas! a great change had taken place. In lieu of the boyish frankness and ingenuousness of countenance, smiling kindly on all the world, a grave, weary looking man sat, worn with trouble, and frowning gloomily upon life and everything connected with it.

As I came out leaning upon his arm, a strange sensation thrilling at my heart as I did so, two or three pressed forward to congratulate us with well-meaning or officious kindness. But upon looking in our faces, they drew back with the words half uttered, half frozen upon their lips. Alfred looked like a cold, gloomy statue; I hung, trembling and timid, upon his arm, and though I smiled and held out my hand there was not ease or warmth of manner sufficient to justify further familiarity.

I thanked him in my heart for the self-denial that had taken him out of himself to think of me at that time, but was almost equally uncomfortable as though he had not gone and I had been subjected to whispered wonderings and unfavorable comments. These he had spared me by his thoughtfulness; but from internal discomfort he was not able to save me the suffering of *his* suffering and knowledge that for all the love I bore him, he not only was indifferent to me, but most probably regarded me with aversion as one who had taken, all unsought, the place that should have been occupied by one loved and honored.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT.

HORACE GREELEY.

THAT future historians may know the truth, Mr. Greeley gives a table, purporting to be the statistics of the numbers and proportions of men furnished by the individual States, during the war of 1776. This table is in exact accordance with all that he and all his associates, such as Helper, Draper, and others have usually presented to the world, when on the subject of slavery, or any question to which the North and South were parties. I will not dissect this frame, but only say that the number he gives to South Carolina, for the whole seven years' war, was actually raised in that State at one single call of General Rutledge, at the beginning of the war! With this, as sufficient, I dismiss this caricature of statistics.

Mr. Greeley says of the fugitive slave clause, "there was nothing mutual in the obligation it sought to impose. Nor could any one gravely insist that the provision for the mutual rendition of slaves was essential to the completeness of the Federal pact. The old Confederation *had known nothing like it.** Here are three distinct assertions. 1. That there was nothing *mutual* between the North and the South, requiring the Fugitive Slave act. 2. That such act was not necessary to the completeness of the pact. 3. "The old Confederation had known nothing like it." We shall now show that all three of these assertions are totally untrue. Mr. Greeley* had just quoted from the Articles of the Ordinance of 1787, by which the North-West territory was ceded by the South, to the United States, showing that it was the "charter of compact," and "*shall stand as* FUNDAMENTAL CONDITIONS *between* the thirteen States, and those newly described UNALTERABLE, but by the *joint* consent of the United States, in Congress assembled, and of the *particular* State within which such particular alteration is proposed to be made."

Though these pacts were not passed then, he says they were afterwards, i. e., 1787, with little alteration. But when they were passed, our author says, the act concludes with "six *unalterable* Articles of *Perpetual* compact between the above parties. In it, he says, was *the Fugitive Slave Law.* He is right, as every one at all read in those matters knows. It was adopted, Mr. Greeley says, with a unanimous vote of the States present. This was at the very time the famous Convention was framing the Constitution. Mr. Greeley emphasizes the words, that this compact was "PERPETUAL" and "UNALTERABLE" to show the wrong of *secession.* Very well. Yet this compact had two express stipulations: 1. That not more than *five* States should

* Vol. 1. 47.

* Vol. 1. 39.

be made out of the territory ceded. 2. That all fugitive slaves in the territory or States (after their admission) should be returned to their owners. See now what follows. They proceeded at once to carve out *ten* States, in utter violation of this "unalterable" and "perpetual" compact. They failed to complete this, and finally did carve out *seven* States. That compact, he says, stipulated that fugitive slaves should be returned. It was "perpetual" and "unalterable," quotes Mr. Greeley. In making the Constitution, they simply incorporated that already existing "perpetual" "unalterable" article of pact. They were under solemn obligation to retain that ordinance. Yet, Mr. Greeley says, Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, introduced it as a *new* and *unjust* claim. Nay, he says the Confederacy had never known such an act! Yet, he had shown in the same volume, at length, that it was an express and leading part of their "perpetual compact." Now, who will say Mr. Greeley is not the man to write history—yea, and to collect and transmit the proper materials to the future historian, by which future ages may have a fair and impartial view of "the great conflict?"

Says Mr. Greeley, in the *Tribune* of September, 1867—"We always distrust the logic which is based on a *falsehood*." That was a strange and new freak that suddenly passed over the philosopher of the drab coat. Our historian italicises a number of words as the strongest proof of the perpetuity of the Union, in article 1. of the Ordinance first proposed—"they shall *forever* remain a part of the United States"—"perpetual compact." Yet, he knows that they *were* altered, then abolished. That the "perpetual compact" and "forever," all went by the board in less than half a year—in three months' time! Very short and unsubstantial "forevers" "perpetuals" and "unalterables" were they. We could quote fifty pages from the Madison Papers, from the speeches of the framers of the Constitution, to the effect of the following, had we the space.—"Mr. Gerry, of Massachusetts, urged the indecency and pernicious tendency of *dissolving*, in so slight a manner, the solemn obligations of the Articles of Confederation. If nine out of thirteen can dissolve the Compact, six out of nine will be just as able to dissolve the new one hereafter."* Nine did dissolve it, and it perished. So all of Mr. Greeley's italics and arguments, on that point, with the Drapers, Motleys and Bancrofts, are trash and balderdash, and Greeley knows it.

Let us see now if Mr. Greeley really "suspected the logic founded on a falsehood" touching his precious idol—the slavery question. That will try him indeed, as Dogberry says, "if there be *any* allegiance in him"—to truth. We will give him a fair hearing here also.

Mr. Greeley declares that concurring circumstances and the new principles evolved 1776 "had pretty thoroughly cured the North

* Madison Papers, 3. 15-38.

of all attachment to, or disposition to *justify* slavery before the close of the Revolutionary war."* Of the "framers" he says "their judgments condemned, and their consciences reprobated it" (slavery)‡. "Slavery would have found no lodgment in it (the Constitution;) but already the *whip of Disunion* was brandished [Greeley is such an Addison or Livy in style, these classic beauties must be endured,] and the fatal necessity of compromise made manifest. The Convention would have at once and forever prohibited, as far as our country and her people were concerned, the African Slave Trade; but South Carolina and Georgia were present. . . . 'No slave-trade, no Union!' . . . Virginia and her more *Northern Sisters* were *more than* willing to *prohibit* AT ONCE the further importation of slaves."§ It is not too much to say that the writer of that, Mr. Greeley, *knew* that he was penning a deliberate untruth. But we shall see. He adds: "The conscience of the *North* was quieted by embodying a promise that Congress might interdict the foreign slave-trade after the expiration of twenty years."† We shall soon see how that conscience was *soothed*, but by a motive, an opiate as different from the above, as the spirit of heaven is from the feelings of the scoffing fiend that scowled about the walls of Eden. He also tells us that slave traders in the North, 1787 (eighty years ago) "were never held in good repute."*

To quote all the speeches of the leaders of the North in that Convention, when framing the Constitution, that stamps all the above as utterly false, would be to fill whole chapters. Before going to that Convention, let us quote a few leaders of an earlier date, while fully baptized in the spirit of 1776. On Friday, July 12, 1776, only eight days after the Jubilee over the *Declaration of Independence*, Chase observes "that *negroes are property*, and as such cannot be distinguished from *lands*, &c., held in those States where there are few slaves"—Northern States.† He then compares the matter to "taxing as . . . cattle." "The negroes in fact should not be considered as members of the State, *more than cattle*, and that they have no more interest in it."‡ Did Justice Taney's Dred Scott decision equal *that?*

John Adams—(*et tu Brute!*) observed "that it was of no consequence by what name you call your people, whether by that of *freemen* or *slaves*. . . . In some countries the laboring poor . . . were called slaves. . . . That the condition of the laboring poor in most countries—that of the fishermen, particularly, of *the Northern States* is *as* abject *as that of slaves*."§ That is the famous Puritan, John Adams, 2nd President of the United States, the son of Massachusetts.

* Conflict, 1.37.
Ibid, 43-4.
Conflict, 1,45.
Ibid 45-6.

* Ibid, 255.
† Madison Papers, 1. 28.
‡ Madison Papers, 29.
§ Madison Papers, 1, 29 30.

Pennsylvania's great light, Jas. Wilson, afterwards, her ablest man in the Convention of 1787, feared "the Southern Colonies would have all the benefit of slaves"—the North have to bear the "burden of defence." He spoke of "other kinds of property," while the famous "Doctor Witherspoon," of New Jersey, answered, "It has been objected (by the North) that negroes *eat the food* of freemen, and therefore should be taxed; *horses*, also, eat &c., and should be taxed."* Yes, yes; they were against negroes, because they had mouths, and ate food. A Yankee knows what money and expenses mean.—Finally, John Adams cries out, "Reason, justice, and equity never had weight enough on the face of the earth to govern the councils of men. It is INTEREST ALONE which does it."† Thus talked the great Northern sages of '76. Let us now hear how they talked in 1787, while framing the Constitution.

Mr. Rufus King, of Massachusetts, that colony of "conscience," was careful to tell that Convention that "*Revenue* was *the* object of the General Legislature."‡ Mr. Gorham had said the same thing—being of the same State. On the same page with this Messrs. Butler and Pinckney moved to require "fugitive slaves and servants to be delivered up like criminals."

Mr. Wilson (leader of the Pa. delegation.) "This would oblige the Executive of the State to do it, *at the public expense.*"

Mr. Sherman, (of Connecticut,) "saw no more propriety in the public seizing and surrendering a slave or servant, than a *horse.*"* So ran the debate—this being the exact report. Previous to this, speaking of the slave trade, Mr. Sherman, though opposed to it on *economical* grounds, as they had argued that "as the *public good* did not require it to be taken from them—right to import— . . . he thought it best to leave the matter as we find it."† Ellsworth, the next greatest light of New England there, argued that they could not consider it "in a *moral* light. . . . Let us not intermeddle." Gerry, of Massachusetts, thought "we had nothing to do with the conduct of the States as to slaves."‡ Dickinson, of Delaware, then counted a Northern State, said, "The true question was, whether the *national happiness* would be promoted or impeded by the importation."§ Rufus King, of Massachusetts, afterwards, 1819, U. S. Senator from New York, and author of the Higher Law doctrine, (though he was but its expression as the *type* of New England life) "thought the subject should be considered in a *political light only.* . . . He remarked, on the exemption of slaves from duty, "whilst every *other import* [negroes regarded simply as 'chattles and other imports'] was subjected to it, as an inequality that could not fail to

* Madison Papers 1. 32.
† Madison Papers 1. 36.
‡ Madison Papers, 3, 1447.

* Madison Papers, 1447-8.
† Madison Papers, 3, 1390.
‡ Madison Papers, 1394.
§ Madison Papers, 1394.

strike the *commercial sagacity* of the Northern and Middle States." Gouverneur Morris, of Pennsylvania, thought "these things may form a *bargain* among the Northern and Southern States."*—Again, said Roger Sherman: "Let every State import what it pleases. The *morality* or wisdom of slavery are considerations belonging to the States themselves.—*What enriches* a *part enriches* the *whole.*"† These were the remarks made, this the light in which they viewed it. Let us now see the vote of this great body on the slave-trade. Some were for stopping the slave-trade at once—Col. Mason, Madison and others from the South. Some were for letting it alone, some for regulating it as a revenue, and some for a limited extension of it. It was proposed to let it go on till 1800, then it should cease. It was moved to extend this limitation eight years—to 1808. Madison, of Virginia, opposed this very earnestly, as did Mason also, contending that to 1800 was too long. But when it was proposed to add eight years more to the time allowed for the trade, "Mr. Gorham, of Massachusetts, seconded the motion."‡ On the motion, which passed in the affirmative,—(they stood thus—for extending the Slave Trade to 1808.) New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maryland North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, aye—7. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, no—4."§ New York and Rhode Island were absent. (Maryland is omitted in the vote, but page 1429 on same issue, she appears, and the figure 7 shows she was accidentally omitted.) Thus the whole body of New England States present—and only one was absent—voted to prolong the slave-trade, purely as a *commercial interest*, while Virginia, Delaware, and a number of the delegates of Maryland and North Carolina, voted against it and opposed it. "Mr. King, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Langdon, of New Hampshire, considered this ['property in man'] as the *price* of the first part."* Col. Mason, of Virginia, wished to tax the slave-trade so heavily as to discourage it. But Sherman, of Connecticut, observed that "the smallness of the duty showed *revenue* to be the object, *not the discouragement* of the institution."† As a confirmation of this, it was *unanimously* voted to make the tax ten dollars, so as not to discourage importation. Nor did these men of soothed consciences stop here. The whole New England delegation present—and only one was absent—voted for the fugitive slave law in Congress, 1793, when the new government was put in operation. There was not a word or hint against it in all New England. Sherman, of Connecticut, was on the Committee that reported that law. Gerry, of Massachusetts, voted for it. Only five votes were cast against it from the whole body of Northern members in Congress. Madison, King, Gerry, R. Morris, O. Ells-

* Madison Papers, 1390.
† Madison Papers, 1399.
‡ Madison Papers, 3, 1429.
§ Madison Papers, 1427.

* Madison Papers, 1429.
† Madison Papers, 1429.

worth were of that Congress. The Supreme Courts of Massachusetts, of New York, and of the United States all sanctioned the same law.*

It was after King, Wilson and G. Morris failed to carry some of their favorite commercial "advantages in return," and "preferential distinctions in commerce," as King said† that "the admission of slaves was a most grating circumstance to his mind."‡—Gouverneur Morris, of Pennsylvania, now became terribly wrought upon, as to his conscience, and its qualms "horribly shook his disposition." He suddenly had ghostly visions of chained negroes all crowded together in the holds of miserable ships, and it so harrowed up his soul, that he discovered slavery to be "a nefarious institution." He never could "concur in upholding domestic slavery." He cries out in holy disgust—but his words take us back as effectually as the—"*we are all poor critters*," did the widow Bedott—"And what is the proposed *compensation* to the *Northern States*, for a *sacrifice of every principle of right, of every impulse of humanity?*" He then finds that the great evil is, they are to aid in bearing a part of the expenses that insurrections and troubles, South, may incur.§ Col. Mason and Madison, of Virginia, were the men who looked at the question from a moral and humane point of view, and assaulted slavery, and the trade, with a zeal unknown in the North in that day*.

In view of all this, had Mr. Greeley possessed one particle of honesty as a writer, when compiling so large a work, and finding time to devote whole chapters to obscure individuals, he would have at least mooted the question of the propriety of, in whole or part, compensating the owners of slaves, or reasoned about the condition of things after venturing to let loose four millions of slaves, degraded, ignorant, and helpless. Any man that had a particle of moral honesty as a writer, or any respect for the intellect and heart of his readers, would have fully discussed these points. He would have looked the question fairly in the face. To unsettle the whole social and political system of an empire, derange the whole machinery of government, society and commerce, were to Mr. Greeley, questions of not one-tenth the importance that attaches to some horse-thief, or scoundrel, who, in addition to other crimes, should murder a family to rescue a negro. He never thinks it worth while to consider what was to be done with such a multitude, in setting them free. He never makes a particle of allowance for the *only* maxim, that is universally settled in political science, that *interest* governs a State, and to which no people on earth ever cling with such tenacity as the North, nor any political leader as unwaveringly as Mr. Greeley himself.

* Southern Review, 1867, Baltimore, by Prof. A. T. Bledsoe, LL. D.

† Madison Papers, 2. 1056.

‡ Madison Papers, 3. 1261.

§ Madison Papers, 3. 1263-4.

* Madison Papers, 3, 1330-1.

Nor does he ever hint at the infamous Indian Slave Trade the Puritans carried on for so many years, while professing to give a full history of slavery in this country. He never gives the South a particle of credit for the well known fact that thousands of the owners of slaves would have gladly given up their slaves, if they could have seen where they could be as happy as they were at home. And he never names or hints another fact of infinite importance here, namely, that the negro slave at the South was infinitely more happy, elevated, and blest, than he was in Africa. After all the light that Livingstone, Baker, and a host of others have thrown upon that benighted region, where ignorance and slavery are at their depth, it becomes evident that Southern slavery was a Paradise of bliss in comparison. Honest historian! "Upright judge!" Pardon us, Mr. Greeley, but "we *always* distrust the logic which is based on a falsehood." "I thank thee, Jew, for that word."

And who could have suspected that this renowned knight of the goose-quill would write such a cold, useless and contemptible a falsehood as the following? for here we may well adopt the Poet's thought—this was no game his arms to exercise. On the meeting of the Convention of 1787, Mr. Greeley says: "Franklin, then over eighty-one years of age, *declined* the chair (as President) on account of his increasing infirmities; and, on *his* motion, George Washington was unanimously elected President."*—Small as is this sentence, it has several falsehoods in it, and is, besides, most contemptible.—Franklin was not present, in the body, that day, and could not have either declined a nomination that was *never proposed*, nor could he have nominated, "on *his* motion," Washington, when he, himself, was *not there* to do so. On account of his eminence, he would have been the next most proper person to be President, had not Virginia's son been there. But even then it could not have been proper altogether: for the Convention had been first proposed, first called, set on foot, by Virginia alone. She had, through Madison and Washington, 1781, first hinted and proposed such a measure. Then she was, by far, the largest and most important State. She was, therefore, entitled to the honor of the Presidency. But the facts settle the matter. "Mr. Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, informed the members assembled, that, by the instruction, and in behalf of the deputation of Pennsylvania, he proposed George Washington, Esq., Commander-in-Chief, for President of the Convention."* In a note it is said, "the Doctor (Franklin) was himself to have made the *nomination* of General Washington, but the state of the weather, and of his health, confined him to his house." Accordingly his name does not stand on the roll as called that day. If Mr. Greely will resort to such mean little falsehoods as that, where he had all the facts open before him, and if for *such* a purpose,

* Conflict, 1. 43.

* Madison Papers, 2. 722.

and about such illustrious men, what can we expect of him on the great issues of the conflict?

He says, Jefferson, being ambassador abroad, during that time, took "no conspicuous, or decided part either for or against the Convention, in its infancy." On the contrary, he took the deepest interest, and his correspondence, as well as that of Madison, Mason, Randolph and others, shows the deep interest he took in its formation, and how he urged some of the very measures that were added as amendments.

Again, says this Nemesis of Historians—"Mr. John A. Quincy . . . of Boston . . indulged in what *resembled*, very closely, a *menace* of *contingent* secession." Of the Hartford Convention he continues—it "evinced its discontent . . by a resort to *rhetoric*, which was denounced as *tending to disunion*, but which does not seem to warrant the imputation."* "Resembled." Here are Quincy's words: "If this bill pass—admitting Louisiana as a State—it is my deliberate opinion that it is a virtual dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for separation, amicably if they can, *violently* if they must." Mr. Plumer, (who had been in public life years before, being United States Senator from New Hampshire, 1803, Governor for two terms consecutively after this, and who prepared to write a history of the United States,) himself at the time an ardent Federalist, adduces an array of proof that fills half of a huge volume about the size of Mr. Greeley's, bearing on the secession designs and plots of the New England States at that time. He shows beyond the powers of cavil that they openly spoke for secession, and passed resolutions looking directly to a withdrawal from the Union. And that we may see what Quincy meant in the above declaration in Congress in 1811, the Puritan Plumer says it was their intention "to forcibly resist the laws of Congress."† He gives us the following from "the Federal Convention, held March 31, 1811, in Boston, which resolved that the non-intercourse law, just then passed, 'if persisted in, *must* and *will* be resisted.' 'Resistance,' said Dr. Parist, April 11, 1811, 'is our only security.'" He then quotes Josiah Quincy's speech above noticed.‡ Mr. Bradford wrote to Gerry at the same time that if the Congress persisted, "the New England States will rise in their wonted strength, and with the indignant feelings of 1775, *sever themselves* from that part of the nation which wickedly abandons their rights and interests."§ He then analyzes the Hartford Convention, and shows beyond the shadow of a cavil that it deliberately resolved on secession, unless its demands were granted. If we had space, we could adduce, from this high New England authority, a long array of facts on these issues. Yet Mr. Greeley smoothes

* Conflict, 1. 85-6.

* Life of Plumer, 385.
† Life of Plumer, 385.
‡ Life of Plumer, 386.

over all these things in a stretch of twelve or fifteen half-column lines, treating it all as a little rhetorical flourish.

But we are not done with this Achilles of the American press. He insinuates that our fathers consolidated the government, and rehashes the thousand-and-one times demolished sophistry of Northern federalist writers and speakers, that the preamble implies it, though the preamble was not made till all else was agreed upon, and a bare accommodation to the manner of ratification, since to say "we the States," enumerating them as was the plan drawn up, was liable to insuperable difficulties, as some might not ratify. He quotes the words of P. Henry, who, in a heated speech, tried to deter Virginia from ratifying the Constitution, and made the bold declaration so constantly quoted by consolidationists, but which Madison and others who framed the instrument showed at the time to have no such meaning.—Yet Greeley and his associates regard it as legitimate argument and unimpeachable logic, that when a body of able, learned, and cautious men frame a document, and make it so very different from what a consolidationist would, that it drives Hamilton out of the Convention in disgust, and arouses the wrath of Read, Wilson and King, to a furious pitch, it is still a consolidation, because one man who was not there at all, in his enthusiastic fury uses every weapon a fiery orator can command, and seizes this among them to alarm the people. Nay, they think a man of Henry's very limited education, who never was given to rigid analysis, and who was not present, knew far better what the instrument was, than the astute Madison, Randolph, Hamilton, Pinckney, Wilson, Sherman, Ellsworth, and Martin, with their illustrious compeers! Greely ought to write "full and impartial histories!"

He then quotes one more—Washington—who said the end was the "*consolidation* of the Union." But Washington did not have a thing to do with its framing. He sat as its President, and never opened his mouth but once,* till all was done, and the Constitution had then been finished and engrossed. But aside, a "consolidation of the *Union*" was infinitely different from a consolidation of the States, the point Greeley contends for.

But what will the reader say, when he learns that this whole thing is a sheer fabrication of Mr. Greeley's. In his note he says this language occurs "in the address of the Federal Convention, signed by Washington, as its President, September 17, 1787."† Yet, on that day, they positively refused to have any "address" prepared, and a motion to that effect, was lost. They had formerly voted to allow the Committee of eleven to draw up an address, but it was not done. But the fitness of Mr. Greeley to write "a full and fair" history, will strike the reader with greater force still, as he advances. To prove consolidation, he quoted Hamilton, Wilson, and Madison,

* Madison Papers, 3. 1600 and note.
† Conflict, 1. 82.

in the Convention of '87, where the first, with Read also—a most inferior member—was for wiping out—"swallowing up" the State governments, Wilson for encroaching more on them, while he declares the one made would be encroached on by the States, while Madison urged a modification of Wilson's view mildly for a while, then gave it up. Yet, Mr. Greeley knew, if he ever read their proceedings, that when such hints were dropped, as repeatedly they were, a burst of indignation from the whole body of the Convention smothered it out. Four-fifths of the members, and every State would have indignantly repudiated any action that contemplated such a possibility. The adoption of such an article would have dissolved the Convention as a mob. And no State was so fierce in denunciation of such hints, as New York, Maryland, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Delaware. He knows, also, that there could not have been found a corporal's guard of able men in any State of the Union that would have ratified the Constitution, had any such principle been engrafted into it. Greeley says, in the face of these facts, that "History teaches . . . that it was the purpose of the framers of the Constitution to render the inhabitants of all the States, substantially, and *perpetually* one people, . . . known to the rest of mankind, by a common national government." We know that this was the *desire* of some. But we know that it was not the faith of the framers of the Constitution. We can quote three hundred pages from their debates that shows the above statement to be devoid of a particle of truth. They all agreed that there were inseparable obstacles to a unity of interest, even among the little squad of thirteen States. The fierce encounters and efforts of each section, the one to obtain power over tariffs and commerce, the other to make secure her enjoyed rights, as well as the efforts of New England, and Pennsylvania, to crush the prospects of the West, show, beyond cavil, that they felt they were *not* one people. As to "national government," he knows that the Convention, with a unanimous vote, rejected the term. Yet, says Mr. Greeley, as "my plan does not contemplate the INVENTION *of any facts*, I must, &c." Alas, for it, *had* he contemplated such invention then! Mr. Greeley makes a series of statements about John C. Calhoun, that set honor, truth, and honesty at utter defiance. He says, Calhoun was "the most thorough-going champion" of those loose constructions of the Constitution that clamored for national improvement at the public expense, high "Protection, Tariffs," &c. This is utterly false. He did give his influence for the tariff of '16, as he explained, to remove our national debt, and happily and incidently, it would protect our oppressed manufacturers, for he was always most generous and broad in his views. But when in 1824 it was demanded as a *bonus*, when we needed no high tariff, being quite out of debt, and yet still higher in 1828, it was infinitely different.—

But Greeley is not satisfied with such slanders on the South as he weaves in with this question—he must glorify Massachusetts at the expense of the records of Congress, the simplest facts of history, and the declarations of the "great expounder" of that noted State. "The Tariff of 1828—the highest and most protective ever adopted in this country—was passed by a Jackson Congress," of which, Greeley tells us, Van Buren, Silas Wright, and "the Jacksonian leaders of Pennsylvania and Ohio were master-spirits."* *This* is true. "And thereby hangs a tale." That is, that the North, whether as Democrats, Whigs, Federalists, "Know Nothing Americans," or Abolitionists, *always* consolidated against the South in solid array, when ever any land, money, or any interest of the pocket was concerned. The record of Democracy North is little better than Whiggery where ever Banks, Fisheries, Tariffs and admission of Southern States was on hand. "I thank thee, Jew, (I must repeat) for *that* word." "This Tariff imposed high duties on Iron, (to aid Pennsylvania, but mainly to get her vote,) Lead, (to fool Missouri, and do her not a doit of good as it proved,) Hemp, (to wheedle Kentucky, with the same result as in Missouri,) Wool, (to substantially aid Ohio, but mainly to plunder the South, by preventing foreign competition, as the negroes were the main consumers of wool, with the poor of the West, who were seduced by the lead and hemp delusion.) He says, as the result of this tariff, "the country exhibited a rapid growth." On the contrary the records show that the South was utterly prostrated.—Men worth millions of real estate, and hundreds of thousands in lands and negroes, were unable to do more than clothe and feed them. Benton, the fierce enemy of slavery, shows, in vol. 1, of the United States Senate, that they were in a deplorable condition.—The figures and array of general statistics, adduced in Congress by Calhoun, showed this beyond controversy, although Clay had the brazen effrontery to say the South was prospering under it! And while Jackson had the effrontery to publish to the world that the South had no cause of complaint, yet in secret cabinet they admitted her wrongs were grievous and irritating. Honest coercionists! But we have a record Greeley should respect. In his Almanac of 1862, (if I remember its date—it is not now by me,) and in Helper's "Crisis," edition of 1860, ("compendium") we have two tables or plates showing the relative increase and decrease in the wealth and prosperity of all the States. Now, though these men deny that tariffs impoverished the South and made the North, how happens it that the tables of Greeley and Helper exactly agree in showing that the Northern States, especially East, bend or curve upward—the opening of the angles of the lines determining the degree of prosperity *as it occurred*—and rush up with prosperity from the very years the Tariffs were put on! Right at the years 1824 and 1828 they start suddenly up,

* Conflict, i. 91.

and make a larger angle at 1828, the enormous tariff, than at 1824. But at those very angles the cotton and tobacco States bend (relatively) right down, showing why it was they drooped and lagged behind. Yet their decline is attributed by these cunning Shylocks to *slavery*, and their prosperity to their sagacity and frugality. True it was a sagacity that in the formation of the government, they would not enter the Union, unless provided with a Northern majority in both branches of Congress, avowing its design at the time to hold the commercial interests in their hands, as they fully and repeatedly declared in the federal debates. Yet Greely says, "there is no evidence that their condition (South's after 1828) was less favorable, her people less comfortable than they had been." It is at the most fearful cost of Mr. Greeley's head that any one can suppose his heart honest in such declarations. But these are not all the blemishes of this *one* single page of his "fair" history. "It," (tariff of 1828,) says he, "was opposed by a majority of those (States) of New England," and he singles out that immaculate State of the Puritans, saying it was "obnoxious to Massachusetts and the States which, on either side, adjoined her."* Verily a man of utmost coolness has need to pray if he would have the grace of quiet, calm forbearance in reading this tissue of slander and falsehoods. Not only did the States around her, but Massachusetts voted for that Tariff with a relish she never had felt before. And Greeley is the less to be excused for this untruth, because that fact was made the more notorious when Col. Hayne, of South Carolina, tantalized Webster, the Senator of Massachusetts 1830, for his desertion of his former course, as in 1824 he had not only voted against the high Tariff, but made one of the most powerful speeches against it, for which Hayne so highly complimented him, as bearing off, on his Atlantian shoulders, the very pillars of the Constitution. Webster explained that in 1824 his State had most of her capital in the carrying trade—I quote from memory, but any who will read his famous reply to Hayne will see it—and it was against her interest to have a high Tariff. But that the government having given such inducing bounties since then to manufactures, his State had gone largely at it, hence his change of principle. He made this explanation in that most eloquent and famous effort of his life. Does Mr. Greeley yet "suspect the logic that is founded on a falsehood?" Indeed this venomous man cannot relate the smallest circumstance, without falling into the temptation of slandering the South. He tells us "Mr. Van Buren *supplanted* him (Calhoun) as Vice President in 1832, sharing in Jackson's second and most decided triumph." Here he says Van Buren supplanted Calhoun. It is false, and he knew it. Next he writes it so as to leave but one impression—no other can he draw, viz: that owing to Calhoun's bad conduct as a Nullifier, he could not be elected.

* P. 91.

It is on the very next page after the above that Greeley says "Mr. Calhoun *resigned* the Vice Presidency when he had three months still to serve, and was chosen to the Senate to fill the seat vacated by Mr. Hayne."* He had been twice elected Vice President, and all knew he would be elected President, as he was the most popular statesman in America, but he deliberately resolved to sacrifice all such honors in defense of his own State.

Mr. Greeley says the Dred Scot Decision was "for the purpose of ousting Congress and the people from all right or power to exclude slavery from the Federal territories, organized or unorganized. Congress had repeatedly, and from the very origin of the Government, legislated on the subject, and to this end." But he does not give a single instance, though combating the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in its most famous decision. Happy serenity! On the contrary, it is utterly untrue. The North West territory was declared free, as he shows, by Virginia, and the South, ere ceded, and that was the essence of the stipulation. Hence, it was not the Congress accepting the donation, but the States ceding, that incorporated the act of exclusion, just as France had stipulated by Article 3, of the Treaty of Cession of the Louisiana territory, that their property, which, by their laws, included slaves, should be protected. But he not only says Congress had repeatedly legislated on this subject, but says it was "to this end"—to exclude it from all the territory that should seek admission into the Union. And this was from the beginning, he tells us. Yet, Kentucky and Tennessee were admitted under Washington's term, and no such legislation was ever heard of. Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana followed, and yet there was no such legislation. Nor was there any such, in any form, shape or way, such as he speaks about, till Missouri sought admission, 1819-'20. Surely Mr. Greeley was doing, as ecclesiastics say, a work of supererogation, when he went into the blustery pages of Pollard, for filth, with which to bespatter the South. His own trunk had absorbed enough of that from the foul pools of falsehood, long before the "hot head," of Richmond, opened his hand to his want. And no one can accuse Pollard of such grievous faults as Greeley's.

Though Mr. Greeley's logic has been rent to fragments, yet, it has not been by direct attack on his logic; but his pretended "*facts*." Let us test his logic a moment. He says of the Convention that made the Constitution, 1787, when Article 16, Section 2, was under consideration, entitling "citizens of each State" to be citizens of any other, "the delegates from South Carolina moved to amend by inserting the word "*white*" between "free" and "inhabitants," which was emphatically *negatived*. "So it was determined that States had, or might have, citizens who were *not* white, &c."* That they refused to enact a propo-

* P. 93-4.

* Conflict. 178.

sition offered thus, he considers a guarantee of the reverse. Now, in some cases, this is true, but not necessarily: for many things were defeated by a like vote, wherein the opposite was not established, but members would explain, that for various reasons they were opposed to voting for a measure, when the converse was not established, at all, by such a course. The discussions present so many such examples, it is useless to cite them. That on slavery, in its several shapes, is one. Webster, in his famous seventh of March (1850) speech, utterly refused to vote for the measures proposed to admit free States to the exclusion of slave States. Yet, he vowed, at the same time, his unalterable purpose never to vote to admit a slave State. A word in a certain form was often seen to be liable to other objections, or to cause embarrassments on other articles, and rejected in view of such effect, and not on its merits in such connection.

But there is a nice test of Mr. Greeley's honesty in logic. Mr. Greeley knows that it was proposed, three different times, to incorporate an article, giving the Federal Government the right and power to coerce a State, in case of rebellion, or insurrection, within her borders. This touched directly on the sovereignty of the States. He knows it was negatived twice—the third time it was withdrawn without coming to a vote. There is no equivocation here. It was a direct issue. The possibility of rebellion and insurrection was freely discussed, and regarded as probable—as most likely to occur. Yet, they refused to grant the Federal Government the power or right to judge of it, or intermeddle. Will Mr. Greeley stand by that logic, founded on *facts?* Section 4, of Article 4, of the Constitution, guaranteeing to each State a Republican form of government, and protecting each against invasion, proceeds—"and, *on application* of the Legislature, or of the Executive, when the Legislature cannot be convened, against domestic violence." As first proposed, it read, "to subdue a rebellion in any State, on the application of its Legislature."* "Pinckney moved to strike out, "on the application of its Legislature." "G. Morris seconds. L. Martin opposed it, (striking out) as giving a *dangerous* and unnecessary power (to the Federal Government.) *The consent of the State ought to precede the introduction of any extraneous force.* Mercer supported the opposition of Mr. Martin. Mr. Ellsworth proposed to add, after Legislature, 'or Executive.' G. Morris, of Pennsylvania, "*The Executive (Governor of State) may possibly be at the head of the rebellion.*" *The General Government* should enforce obedience in all cases where it may be necessary. Mr. Ellsworth, of Connecticut, "In many cases the General Government *ought not to be able to interpose*, unless called upon. He was unwilling to vary his motion to read, 'or without it, when the Legislature cannot meet.' Mr. Gerry, of Massachusetts, was against LETTING LOOSE THE MYRMIDONS *of the United States*

* Madison Papers, 3. 1349.

on a State without ITS OWN CONSENT." In this we have given the discussion verbatim. It continued, Randolph maintaining Martin and Ellsworth's side; G. Morris declaring that it was treating the General Government as if they wished "to tie his hands behind him."* "On the motion to add, 'or without it, (application) when the Legislature cannot meet,' it was agreed to,—New Hampshire, Connecticut, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, aye—5, Massachusetts, Delaware, Maryland, no—3, Pennsylvania and North Carolina divided." "On the clause as amended—New Hampshire, Connecticut, Virginia, Georgia, aye—6, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, no—4; Massachusetts and Pennsylvania absent. So it was *lost*." This occurred August 17th.—August 30th they resumed that clause again. *Another* effort is now made to strike out the clause the semi-coercionists wanted as a last hope, having failed fairly three times on its own merits, before this insidious effort we are now noticing.

"Mr. Dickinson moved to strike out, 'on application of its Legislature, against.' He thought it of essential importance to the tranquility of the United States, that they should in all cases suppress domestic violence (substituted that word for 'rebellion' in a State,) *which may* proceed from the State Legislature itself, &c. Mr. Dayton mentioned the conduct of Rhode Island, as showing the necessity of giving latitude to the power of the United States on this subject. On the question—New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, aye—3; New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, no,—8."*

"Mr. Dickinson moved to insert the words 'or Executive' after the words 'application of its Legislature.' The occasion itself might hinder the Legislature from meeting. On this question, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, aye—8; Massachusetts, Virginia, no—2; Maryland divided." Finally as completed—it passed—nine for—two against—Maryland and Delaware being against.† Here then was the whole discussion, the various votes, and the parties offered their reasons. The coercionists said they must have power to put down rebellion in the States. It might be alarming and dangerous to the whole government.—The Federal Government must, in their view, be judge of such danger, and be empowered to "crush the rebellion." Not so, thundered back quite three-fourths of the States present, it is a dangerous power, we will not have it. Hence they overwhelmingly voted, and framed the Constitution of the United States so that the Federal Government had no right nor legal power in any way to march "its myrmidons," as Gerry called them, into any State to put down rebellion or domestic

* Madison Papers, 3. 1350-1.

* Madison Papers, 3, 1406-7.

† Madison Papers, 3, 1407-8

violence, unless applied to by the Executive or State Legislature.—And had New York and Rhode Island been represented there, they would, as all knew, have voted with the majority, since two of the three delegates from New York left the Convention because disgusted even with what power *was* granted, and for fear of such powers Rhode Island would not attend.

Hence who was for *the Constitution*, Calhoun, who clung to these principles, or those who have always held that instrument as "a covenant with death?"—And if Mr. Greeley were honest, as a writer, why does he not give the Southern people the credit they have such an indubitable right to, yea, and cling to in the midst of the ruins that surround them, as the only proud legacy they have left—that of having clung to the right—to those rights their fathers had sought to bequeath to them, and died thinking they had done so. We have no patience to notice more of Mr. Greeley's sophistries and untruths, save a passing one on his treatment of secession. He has not a clear idea on the subject one way or the other. He is muddled, befogged, and gropes in utter darkness. He tries to think with Jackson. He tries to think with Webster. He tries to think with Jefferson. He does not stand with either. We will not follow him, but strike at the heart of his position. He gives Clay's illustration of the Union as a marriage, "which is either indissoluble at the pleasure of one or both parties, or else no marriage at all." This is a silly conceit. People marry under law—acknowledge its supremacy, and before witnesses, and in case of abuse have direct recourse to the law for redress of grievances. But sovereign States have no such umpires. They do not, in entering a compact, contract under defined and established laws—have no laws—no superiors. Hence the analogy is an ignorant conceit,—the quintessence of clap-trap. But still, since it is adduced, we could ask: Is it a desirable union of man and wife where they quarrel, fight, hate, and ever more prate of abuse? And has not either party a right to secede, if his or her case be felt to be intolerable, and there *be no* redress?

Mr. Greeley says J. Q. Adams had spoken in favor of the right of a people to *revolutionize*. That a people may *modify*—but leaves out those words "*abolish*," "*separate*," "*dissolve the political ties*," &c. Greeley says: "The people may, from time to time, modify their forms of government. . . . . This right has been set forth, with remarkable clearness and force, in the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, and by many of our patriot sages.—John Quincy Adams had distinctly affirmed it in a speech in Congress."* He says, Mr. Lincoln had contended for it in Congress. That he himself believes in it.—Indeed! And that is the boasted *new* principle our fathers discovered, and with whose praise we have filled the world, and mobs, senates and churches vociferated till they almost split their throats

* Conflict, 1, 357.

—all for *the right of revolution!* Wise Americans! to become frenzied with ecstasy, and froth and foam with fiery enthusiasm at the discovery of a principle, that no fool or madman had ever entertained in the history of the world. Adams, Greeley, Lincoln—all our public men, "with remarkable clearness and force," show a principle, a right, that all know has been exercised for six thousand years. Had not Europe been the theatre of such revolutions for centuries? Do not they reach as far back into her annals as history runs? So of Asia. If Greeley and Webster be right—for he assumes that ground—then the Americans of '76 have made themselves the most barefaced and egregious asses the world ever saw.

By *right* of revolution, Webster and Mr. Greeley do not mean *right* at all, but *might* of revolution. Jackson talked the same kind of puerile twaddle in his South Carolina Proclamations, 1832.

Now Mr. Lincoln took the broad ground of secession as his platform in the two speeches he made in Congress 1848. They are too long for quotation, and are well known. Aside from the addresses of J. Q. Adams, 1839, in which the doctrine of secession is advocated in clear and unequivocal terms, December 12, 1837, after having been President of the United States—1825—1829—he, with the consent of his colleagues from Massachusetts, presented to Congress a Memorial against the annexation of Texas to the Union, and (for he was a member of Congress now) said: "In the face of this House, and in the face of Heaven, I avow it as my solemn belief that the annexation of an independent foreign power (Texas) to this government, would, *ipso facto*, (of itself) *be a* DISSOLUTION *of the Union.*" He "had presented one hundred and ninety petitions on this subject. . . . His colleagues had presented collectively a large number." Adams had made slavery the sole ground of his course—i. e. its effect in securing Southern votes in the Senate, thereby holding high tariffs in check. January 24, 1842, "Adams presented a petition to the House (of Congress) praying for the adoption of measures peaceably to *dissolve the Union*, assigning as one of the reasons, the *inequality of benefits* conferred upon different sections." At that time, the high Tariff had expired—that very year, February 24, 1842, J. R. Giddings offered one of a like nature, and it received twenty-four Northern votes. The largest abolition volume ever published, not excepting Mr. Greeley's, 1857, copied the above resolutions and their speeches, to show the zeal of abolitionists.—Yet Mr. Greeley would palm all that off, with volumes of a like character, as a clear reason for modifying our forms of government! He then quoted from his somewhat famous articles of 1860 and 1861, in which he declares "The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless; and we do not see how one party has a right to do what another party has a right to prevent." That is good, but

poorly expressed as to the first words. "And when ever a *considerable section* of our Union shall *deliberately* resolve to go out, we should resist all coërcive measures designed to keep it in. We hope never to live in a Republic, where one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets."* This is tolerably well said. But, though reiterated several times, he tried to explain it away afterwards by assuming, as in this volume, that the secession acts were *not* "*deliberately*" passed. That the people of those States did not act with *unanimity*. That he stood for the Declaration of Independence. Well, now, let us see. He stands by the Declaration principles that a people have the right to secede. But who is to determine *when* they *are* acting with "*unanimity*" or "deliberately?" Either themselves, or those from whom they withdraw, of course.

But if left with their oppressors to determine *these* points, you give up all: for they would always say it was hasty, unjustifiable, and rash. Can Mr. Greeley be so very obtuse as to fail to see this, although he may impose such stupid nonsense on his Northern people? If an oppressed people have the right to secede or revolutionize either, with that right goes necessarily the right of determining for themselves when they *are* aggrieved, and to suit their deliberations to themselves. A ten year old boy can see that. If Mr. Greeley's dodge be allowed, how stood it with our fathers?—Pennsylvania and several States at first refused to vote for the Secession of the thirteen Colonies in 1776. One or two States did not vote for it. It was barely possible to get a majority in several of the leading States. So the great Secession document had but little unanimity, and by Mr. Greeley's rule was altogether wrong. But Mr. Greeley's dodge is unfortunate at every turn. All the framers of the Constitution habitually spoke of the dissolving of the old Union—the "perpetual Union" whose "*forevers*" and "indissolubles" our author italicises so much in his work. The States one by one seceded from it, and entered the new Union. Was it with "deliberation and *unanimity?*" Far from it. Connecticut, New York, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Delaware and Maryland, most persistently opposed it. A majority of the States opposed it. But the three large States, as they were then, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, were bent on it, and the others had to yield. They told them right out they *would* act for themselves, as the others also said they would remain in the old Union, and seek *foreign alliances*. Connecticut led in that threat.—But not only were the States not unanimously inclined, nor deliberate, but the people were equally so. Greeley says in the very page preceding that above quoted, (page 356,) the people "vehemently and formidably opposed it, and its adoption, in several States was, for a time, successfully resisted." "There was manifest danger of its failure in New York, as well as in two other great leading States, Virginia and Massa-

* Conflict, 1, 350.

chusetts. To the New York Convention, sitting at Poughkeepsie, the people had returned a *majority* of delegates hostile to ratification." That is true of several other States, especially Virginia, in which a very large majority—overwhelming—was against it. Greeley proceeds: "The friends of the Constitution, in New York, were constrained to resort to delay, to policy, and to propositions of amendment, to overcome or *wear out* the resistance they had to encounter."* Indeed! And what becomes of that farce of an argument, always the text book of the Websters, and Storys, and Greeleys—"We, the people," and the "one nation" consolidation theory? The truth is *the people never did* ratify the Constitution at all. New Hampshire followed New York, and Virginia. Her people voted against it; and it was by after-trickery they were led in. Rhode Island and North Carolina stood aloof altogether. In a word, when the Constitution was framed over the ruins of the old "*perpetual*," "*eternal*," "*forever*," "*indissoluble*," and "*unalterable*" Constitution of 1777, an overwhelming majority of the people of the thirteen States voted against it, and never did vote on the subject again. As they had no resort without revolution, they submitted. What now becomes of the dodge of Webster, of Jackson, of Story, and of Greeley?

Jackson showed himself stupid enough to write a huge parchment of sophistry against the right of secession; then, as did Clay, in one sentence, undermines it all. He admits in a stroke that "a State, or any great portion of the people . . may have a natural right . . . to absolve themselves," and he would not deny it. "The existence of this right, however, must depend on the *causes which justify its exercise.*" But who, again, is to determine when the seceding party has sufficient cause? the party seceding, or the enemy from whom they secede? But, Jackson, and Greeley, and their followers, seemed never to dream of the sternness of such inexorable logic. They preferred a logic "founded on falsehood." It is a misfortune that Greeley has a bad memory. It is said—no inuendo intended by this—that liars ought to have good memories. He sneers at the repeated declarations of "Southrons," that if they withdrew, it would "whelm us (the North) all in bankruptcy and ruin." He repeatedly sneers at their folly for so thinking. Yet, who has forgotten their, and his cries about "the life of the Nation"—"destroying the nation" and all that gibberish? Nay, in the introduction to his second volume ("Explanatory,") he set out on the first page to tell us, that had the South succeeded in gaining their Independence, nearly every State North would have gone to it, adopting slavery as a condition! Wonderful historian—he quotes it as proof absolute, that the "Southrons," as he calls them, were hot-headed fools, and blustering, self-elated numskulls, then turns right round, and says

* Conflict, 1. 351.

twice as much as they ever dreamed of! But we forbear. To expose all his slanders and misstatements, would be to go over every page in the huge volume. These are samples of the rest. It is a disgrace to humanity—a foul slander on the race, and his offense is so rank, it smells to heaven. If the Pythagorean doctrine be true, Mr. Greeley's soul, evidently, once was the animating power of a buzzard—the scavenger of birds. He revels in the foul and base. But he has a dual nature. He is philanthropist, and he is the foe of man. He is patriot, and tyrant. In his *Tribune* he is alternately changing persons. In every other column, or paragraph, he comes with a vase full of flowers, and a barrel of soothing syrup by him. In every other one he "is piled up high"—we quote a great authority with him—with carrion, and has virus enough by him to stagnate the life of the ocean, and make it a dead sea of corruption. His vocabulary is that of the meanest of Puritans, such as the "tuned in their nose full swetely," as Chaucer said of the "nonne." Now he berates the North for harsh epithets, urges the discontinuance of offensive words, and in the next column, by himself, or the next editorial, he pours forth his epithets as if he had been at a feast of treason, and gathered up all the scraps. He is in his element when his tongue is overflowing with rebels, traitors, slave-holders, autocrats, oligarchy, slave-breeders, whip and lash—whip of secession, malignants, discontented malignants, unreconstructed traitors, massacres of Fort Pillow, of New Orleans and Memphis.

He need not fear, however, that his venomous character will ever be known to posterity. He knows the Northern mind—that part of the North that thinks with him. (Of course I always mean that class in using the term North.) The artificial Greeley will live in form. The *real* Greeley will perish at once. Of his private character we care nothing. The meanest and most infamous tyrants that ever cursed the earth, have been warm and generous in domestic and social life. Their impulses have been exalted and magnanimous.—Claverhouse, Robespierre, and St. Just were so. They say Nero was so. Undoubtedly Cæsar and Alexander were so. Unquestionably Mr. Lincoln was a warm, generous-hearted man—full of the milk of human kindness. But such men are often instrumentally made to be the worst of all tyrants, being used by Stantons, Butlers, Sumners, as the soft-hearted Charles I. was by his sycophants.

From Greeley's writings, all that makes him kind, generous, noble, will be recorded by biographers—all the infinitely more voluminous part that makes him a tyrant, will die. Posterity will, therefore, see Greeley the saint, while his cloven foot will be inclosed in silver, and sheltered by a saintly cassock, though the one will be "As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass," and the other as unsightly as "a giant's robe upon

a dwarfish child." The world should say—"doff it for shame, and hang a calf-skin 'round those recreant limbs."

"There n'is yevis no serpent so cruel,
When man treadth on his tail, ne half so fel,
As Greeley is, when he hath caught an ire;
Veray vengeance is than all his desire."

[*Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.*

NOTHING TO EAT.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

Nothing to eat,—Oh great God!—what a cry—
To go up from the heart of a city—
Circled with plenty, and splendor,—to die
Without love, without home, without pity.
Starving!—while Fashion is feasting in there,
Feasting, dancing,—in reach of her call,
Freezing!—while snow-flakes, and icicles glare,
With the glow, from that sumptuous hall.

"Don't beg,—go and work"—repeated all day,
Cruel words!—they were seared on her brain,
"Feed me"—she cried—"I will work—let me stay,
I can stitch, scrub"—all pleading was vain.
"A beggar! to work for a lady so grand"—
Oh! sweet Charity!—where shall we go
To seek thee?—When wealth shuts his royal, right hand,
And fair children die—out in the snow!

Rich dainties, and rare—costing marvelous sums,
Were heaped there—in her famishing sight,
Starving!—yet might have been saved with the crumbs
That will fall from that banquet to-night.
"Nothing to eat!"—amid plenty and waste—
Oh dear Christ—at *thy* banquet, above,
Of those thou hast bidden—how few there shall taste,
Here, so wanting in brotherly love.

"Starving!"—they heard—but the great door shut fast!
In this wide world, Oh where could she go?
Homeless, and friendless!—unloved, an out-cast,
With—"nothing to eat"—but the snow!
The city was vast,—she turned to the east,
Clutched a snow-drift—sank down;—in the light
Of a Heavenly banquet, fair girl, thou shalt feast,
While they starve—who are feasting to-night.

Lexington, Ky., 1868.

ONLY SON OF HIS MOTHER.

"He was the only son of a Widow."—*Monck Jendwine.*

CHAPTER I.

I knew Winsmeede Fallon and admired him for manliness of person and character. He had fine eyes, hair, beard and teeth.—Grace, color and stature combined to make him pleasant to look upon. The first time I ever saw him was in a room crowded with youth and beauty. His mother leaned upon his arm. The one young and handsome, the other old and feeble; both were beautified by the contrast. A lady at my side remarked—

"Winsmeede Fallon will never marry, he is absorbed in his mother."

"She is a quaint looking old lady," said I, "but very attractive."

"Very, there is such harmony in her dress, person, and gentle ways."

"And Winsmeede?" queried I.

"He is a southern gentleman of the highest type. How could he be anything else with such a mother?"

"Did you see that young lady in the reception room?" asked I.

"*That* young lady! Why, my dear sir, there were at least twenty."

I had seen only one, and would have seen her among a thousand. Again she passed before me, a servant following with a trunk, on which I read—"R. Annesley, Petersburg, Virginia."

My companion was still speaking.

"What a pity he has volunteered!"

"Who? Annesley?" asked I, looking towards the door.

"Pshaw! I am speaking of Winsmeede," said she impatiently.

"Ah—yes—no—I mean; not for our cause," rejoined I.

"I was thinking of his mother," continued she, "he is the only son of a widow."

I learned that evening that she had buried her husband and four children in one year. Love had been her idol; Death drew her unto the Cross, and the last child was spared. In perfect trust and resignation lay the loveliness of her old age. Afterwards I said to young Fallon—"How will your mother bear this parting?"

"You do not know my mother," answered he proudly, "she is a dove-hearted woman, but her soul is a tower of strength. She is a patriot and a Christian."

I did not appreciate the force of his words, until I met her the morning he went away, and saw a sweet, patient smile on her face.

CHAPTER II.

READING THE LIST.

A few days after the disastrous battle of ——— a pale anxious throng might have been seen

crowding around our village post office. Mrs. Fallon leaned on her cane apart from the crowd, while the list of dead, wounded, and missing was read. The sun was hot, her walk had been long, so her feet ached and the cane shook in her hands. She was growing old very fast. The man inside the office read on.

Killed: John Lanham,
Martin Smith,
Jas. Thompson,
Winsmeede Fallon.

Those within heard no cry, and those without were listening too attentively to notice her, though they said, "Poor old lady!" "Poor Mrs. Fallon!" "Who will break this dreadful news to her?" With her head drooping a trifle lower than was wont, she tottered away voiceless. A mist came before her, and she groped her way home, feeling before her, as one does in the darkness. She was found sitting on the steps of her own door, with her hands clasped together around her knees, rocking herself to and fro. The shock had numbed every faculty, and she submitted like a docile infant, to our ministrations, without any apparent desire for anything, save to lie quite still, her eyes fixed upon the portrait of her son. She did not speak for days, and we feared this dumb grief preceded second childhood, or death. Day after day, exhausted by exertion, oppressed by the stillness, we sat watching and waiting. We sat thus one morning: my arm rested on the window-sill, where I leaned, glad to be near a pet mocking bird, who dipped his beak in a basin of water, twittering and chirping as he stroked his feathers. Mrs. Fallon loved birds. They were never caged, and yet this one had been taught to pick crumbs from her hand, or nestle in her bosom. Winsmeede possessed the same power over horses and dogs, it must have been through gentleness. I held out my hand, the bird hopped upon it, and from thence to the vine against the window, turned his little, sharp, blinking eyes heavenward, and sang his first song. Mrs. Fallon's eyes left the picture, and rested on the bird. When his rich, wild melody changed to a low quivering strain, she spoke: "It is the voice of my son. Yorls never sang before." I passed my hand over my eyes, the ladies wept, she smiled. How wondrous are the ways of God! The Comforter spake, through the song of a little bird.

CHAPTER III.

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee."

About sunset, in the month of October, a stranger dressed in mourning came to our village inquiring for Mrs. Fallon. The following Sabbath, she attended church, supporting the old lady as her son had done before he died. She was pale and delicate featured, lacking only health and spirits to be handsome. After that day, they were always together. It was Ruth Annesley.

She was very gentle with Mrs. Fallon—walked slowly beside her, chose pleasant paths, folded her shawl carefully about her, and cared for her in hundreds of thoughtful ways. If Winsmeede's devotion to his mother had been pleasant to see, this was beautiful. A visitor asked naturally enough, "Are you related to Mrs. Fallon?"

"No," replied Ruth.

"An old acquaintance, I presume."

"No, I never saw her until I came here."

Finally the story came out, that she went straight to Mrs. Fallon's house, on the day of her arrival, sat down beside her, took her hand and asked—"Are you Mrs. Fallon?"

"Yes," was her reply.

"Did you know Winsmeede Fallon?"

"Winsmeede? My boy? I am his mother—he is dead!"

Both faces quivered; the young woman put her hand to her white throat, sank down at the old woman's feet, and laid her cheek against her hand, as they groaned piteously together.

"What are you to him? asked Mrs. Fallon, as she felt the hot tears drop heavily into her palm.

Ruth lifted her white face, blanched by a grief that had never before been spoken, and answered—"I would have been his wife!"

"Poor thing, poor thing!" repeated the mother, stroking her hair and face tenderly.

From that hour they loved each other dearly.

Miss Annesley gathered about her a few pupils, and officiated as organist in one of the churches. How she played and sang! There was an indescribable under current of sadness and sweetness in every strain. I have watched, with half-closed eyes, the glimmering sunlight through the chancel window set its gorgeous coloring on her face and hair, and wished she might play on forever, that my dream of heaven and angels might never end. To this day, I never hear 'Te Deum Laudamus,' but her frail form and deep lustrous eyes come before me. One evening I heard her sing. "Nearer, My God to Thee"—I have felt nearer and nearer to Him from that hour. She came down smiling, and passed out of the shadowy church, into the red light of evening. As she vanished among the pines, she seemed a part of the golden glory of the day passing westward into the night.

CHAPTER IV.

"Destroy, destroy! Leave not a chimney for a crow to rest upon."—[*General Sherman, U. S. A.*

Mrs. Fallon's house was on fire! A white fear flew from face to face, for the two women living there alone. The news spread quickly through the place, but alas, it had come too late—we found only a heap of smouldering ruins, slowly whitening in the morning sunshine. A few articles of clothing, a single trunk,

and Winsmeede's picture, were in sight. Close by, Mrs. Fallon was reclining in a kind of stupor, with her head resting on Miss Annesley's lap. Both were in their night dresses. Ruth's cheek was parched red, her hands and arms blistered, her long, fine hair burned half away, but she actually smiled in my face—

"See, Doctor, we are safe, thank God! It is a sad thing, but we are *both* alive," said she softly, emphasizing *both*, and pointing to Mrs. Fallon.

Had she wept hysterically, I might have been more calm, but I turned away, choking with wrath and bitterness.

"I fear her eyes are injured," continued she, "You know her sight was failing, and the smoke and flames were terrible. See, her lashes are burned, and her cheeks seared dreadfully." Nothing was said of her own cheek and beautiful hair, until I spoke.

"Ah, that is a trifle," she answered, "I can wear it short awhile—God has been very good to me!"

True, God had been good, but I thought of those who had not—she said not a word against them, and my bitterness died away unspoken. Mrs. Fallon started while we were speaking of carrying her to a cabin near by.

"Ruth, dear, is it not nearly dawn?"

"Yes, mother, it is day," answered Ruth.

Mrs. Fallon held her hands before her eyes, closer and closer, then dropped them heavily, saying, "Ruth, I am blind." Her tone was subdued and she clasped her hands patiently. We looked at each other, and for the first time I saw Miss Annesley's eyes moist with tears. They refused all invitations to neighboring homes. Mrs. Fallon said, "I am too old to change, let me stay here."

"Yes," added Ruth, "let us stay here."

As she spoke her grey, earnest eyes were fixed upon the distance, as if she were waiting.

"Ah," thought I, "she will wait here for some one whom she loves."

However they accepted little kindnesses gratefully, and before another night came, were domiciled rudely enough, in a humble cabin formerly occupied by their servants. We moved Mrs. Fallon there that morning, and spent the day in making it at least a safe shelter. Miss Annesley was almost merry in their humble home; she was here, there and everywhere, helping us all with her little, busy hands and brave spirit. She laughed at her scorched, uneven hair, when a lady held it before her, and with more spirit than usual, bade her cut off the rest for bow-strings for her countrymen. But the flush died away before night came, and I saw the effects of exposure and excitement already, in the slender frame which held so strong a soul. Mrs. Fallon was now almost helpless, and Miss Annesley loved her the more for her dependence upon her.—Through the day she toiled for their support, and at night kept watch, with her hand in hers, that the slightest movement might

arouse her. Now that Mrs. Fallon was blind, there was no restraint upon these constant sacrifices. She stinted herself in food until her eyes were sunken and her thin nostrils almost transparent—in dress it was the same. I saw it all one day when she asked me to prescribe for her cough.—She was neat and looked well-dressed in anything, for the strip of linen round her throat was spotless, and she wore her faded mourning with infinite grace, but I was pained to see her shivering without a shawl, and still more grieved to see her thin, white face. I told her she was killing herself, and remonstrated with her; she promised me to eat more and work less for Mrs. Fallon's sake. That night I carried my prescription for her cough, and with it a shawl—but I dared not carry it in the house—twice I took the bundle in my hand, and as often laid it back in my buggy. I carried it back to the village with me next day, and back again by Mrs. Fallon's the following night; the wind was blowing, she could not hear me, so I stole to the door like a robber, and laid the shawl on a shelf under the latticed awning. When we next met I could not look her in the face—I had avoided meeting her, until I heard a little girl say, "I am so glad Miss Ruth has a warm shawl, she doesn't shiver with cold now, when she hears my lesson"—then I went by to see how they were getting along.

"Doctor, don't be afraid that I am angry," said she kindly, "I am a proud woman, and kept this shawl a week to return it, but I am not a cold one, for I could not pain so good a heart; I tried, but could not wound you in return for kindness—I will wear it for your sake."

"For my sake?" The words hurt me more than wounds.

Through winter, spring and summer, she worked on, paler and thinner every day, until the warm days brought a fluctuating color to her cheeks, painful to see. She faded away, but the bird sang among the flowers and vines her hands had trained about the door, and within, her presence beautified the humble walls. A feverish restlessness possessed her, she seemed forever on the watch, earnestly gazing far away. On pleasant evenings she walked to and fro, in sight of the cabin where the blind woman sat under the lattice, talking in low, endearing diminutives, to the bird which stirred the hop vine with his slender feet, and broke the stillness, with a weird mockery of every passing sound. She was walking thus one evening, when I lifted the latch of the gate. She turned swiftly in the path, and almost ran towards me, with her hand pressed to her throat—it seemed as natural there as the linen band, and scarcely less white. Seeing me, she tottered where she stood, and the blood came and went in her face, like a wild wave slowly rocking itself down and down, to rest into the smooth bosom of the sea. Her hand felt like ice in my burning palm when we met—she did not explain her manner, but I knew it was the effect of her failing health, and it —— ah, me, she

was one of those victims of love and grief who had grief for her portion, and grief was stealing her life away!

CHAPTER V.

WHO GOES THERE?

Returning home that night, I ran against a man and knocked his pipe out of his mouth. I apologized. He said nothing, filled his pipe and relit it from my cigar. The light shone on his face—it was haggard, scarred and thin. His eyes met mine vacantly. Crime or insanity, I thought, and hurried on, occupied with my own thoughts. Once only, I paused and looked back at him. The speed of his heavy, wavering steps increased, he staggered up the hill, paused for an instant, and disappeared in the direction I had come. Such miserable pedestrians were common after the surrender, so I fell asleep to dream, not of him, but Ruth Annesley. I saw her choked by a highwayman with a thin white hand. Both of my arms were tied down—I could not help her, nor cry for help—my voice died in my throat, and the blood fell drop by drop, from her lips to her bosom, until her eyes closed, her head drooped, and she fell dead before my eyes!

CHAPTER VI.

THE PEDESTRIAN.

Ruth first broke the silence which followed my departure—"Mother, are you thinking of *him?*" The soft withered hand pressed hers gently. A chill wind fluttered the curtain and put out the light. As Ruth closed the window she saw a man's figure shadowed by the moonlight on the ground. Instead of dropping the curtain, she fastened it back securely, kindled a light on the hearth, and returned to her place. There was no sign of nervousness or fear, save the old movement of placing her hand to her throat, whenever she looked that way.

"Ruth," said Mrs. Fallon, "I forget sometimes, and look for him. When I hear a sudden sound, I listen for his voice. When the sun shines brightly, I can see shadows pass before me—my heart then leaps up in my throat, and I lean forward to clasp him in my arms."

"I am glad of that, mother, glad that you forget and look for him—I sometimes feel that we will meet again."

"Aye, in Heaven, dear," said Mrs. Fallon, moving her head slowly, and clasping her hands in the touching way that had come with her blindness.

"Mother," began Ruth, but she grew excited, and laughed strangely as she continued, "I am often so glad for a moment, that I want to laugh and dance and sing, *I feel that he lives!*

"What did you dream last night when you sobbed beside me, Ruth?"

"I dreamed that I went to a battle field, where women had

lifted Our Dead and laid them gently down to rest. These graves were strewn with flowers. Some kind hand had hung a wreath upon a wooden cross by which I lay. Under the wreath I found our loved one's name. Ah, mother, the brown, cold sod was sweet to my lips, and the flowers hung heavy with my tears–it makes you weep, mother."

"But speak on, child," replied Mrs. Fallon, "you are so near to me through my son, you have loved him so well!"

Ruth kissed her hand and continued—

"While I lay there sobbing, with my face pressed to his grave, something lifted my head, and *I saw his dear face, above the mound, smiling upon me!* I wept aloud for joy! The sound of my voice awoke me, then the chill hand crept down on my heart again, and I drew near to you shivering—it was so cold! I did not know you were awake."

"Yes, dear, when you fell asleep again, I put my hand on your face to wipe the tears away, but it was hot and dry—you do not weep like other women, Ruth."

"No, mother, I can seldom weep for sorrow—when he comes, I will weep." Her eyes were on the window again, as the old lady shook her head and spoke: "Ruth, since he died"—

The other shuddered until her teeth chattered as if with cold—

"Are you cold, child?"

"No, mother,—say, since he went away, please!"

"Since he went away," continued the elder, "I feel the second childhood coming on—you know there is a second childhood."

"Yes."

"I remember so much of long ago, not seeing what is passing now, I look back and live in the old time. What are you looking for, Ruth?"

"For him, mother—go on, I am listening."

"Are you tired, my daughter?"

"Oh, no! Talk, mother—I should never grow tired of hearing you speak of him, or his father, or his little brother and sisters who died—they are all mine, you know, I love them all."

"I was saying, of late days the past is so clear, and the present dim. I cannot see my wrinkled face and hands, nor my gray hair, so I forget and think they are soft and fine like yours. Just so, I forget to think of Winsmeede as the man he was when he—went away—he seems to be a little boy again, who used to climb on the back of my chair, with his yellow curls brushing my face. I feel his little dimpled hands over my eyes, and hear a child's voice bantering me to guess his name. My husband seems to me now, as my boy looked when he went away. Do you think he was handsome, Ruth?"

"Yes, mother—when he marched into Petersburg, barefooted, cold and hungry, he looked like a prince to me."

"And you loved him then?"

"Oh, no," said Ruth smiling faintly, "not until I knew him to be all he seemed to be."

"I want to be doing little

things for him," continued Mrs. Fallon, following her train of thought to his boyhood. "Last Christmas I wanted to hang a little sock by the chimney. I want his plate by mine at the table every day—it is foolish, but that is the way old age comes on—we turn back to children's ways.

"His place is always ready," said Ruth, "I place a chair for him every day. He might come, oh, he might come!" She spoke vehemently, and drew a chair close beside her.

"Ah, child!" sighed the other, as she took the quivering hands between her own. "Poor thing, poor thing! It is harder for you than for me, for I will soon be gone!" Ruth's quick ear heard a step, she laid the kind hands tenderly back in her lap, and walked to the window, steadying herself by the table, bed, and chairs as she passed them. Holding both hands against the small pane of glass and looking fixedly through them, she saw what seemed to make sunlight dance out of the depths of the night!—Winsmeede stood before her!—There was a sound of shivered ringing glass, as if a hurricane had hurled the sash from the casement, and she fell forward into his arms. They were alone. Only the eye of God was upon them, and His Holy angels were sentineled around that golden sand of time in silence.

"Where are you, Ruth?" they heard Mrs. Fallon say as she felt her way about the room.

"Break it gently to her, darling!" whispered Winsmeede, as he lifted her noiselessly within the room.

"Here, mother!" answered Ruth, going towards her, but she turned back with stifled weeping to touch his face, hands, lips and eyes, to assure herself it was no dream.

"I was afraid you had fainted, child—did you fall?"

"Yes, but I am not hurt"—Ruth's arm was then around her leading her back to her chair; but she, who had been so strong, trembled with the weight on her arm.

"You are not strong, dear, are you ill?"

"No, mother, I am so well, and so—"

She checked herself and looked with her fond smiling face and shining eyes at Winsmeede, who stood with his hand on the door, his foot set forward as if he would spring to her side.

"Ruth, you are weeping now," said Mrs. Fallon, "what has made you so glad?"

"I *feel* glad," answered she, tremulously, still looking towards the door, "you know how I have talked to-night, how I always look and pray and hope for him to come."

"Yes, child."

"The hoping and praying has made me so glad, I am joyous to-night! And you want me to weep like other women, see here." Ruth pressed her wet face against Mrs. Fallon's cheek and hands. "Tears are so sweet, they heal my heart, I thank God I can weep at last!"

"It is late, and you are feverish, Ruth—we have talked too

long to night. If he were to come —if such a thing could be—"

"It can be," interrupted Ruth.

"Hush, it would kill you, poor child!"

"Kill me! Oh, mother! And you? How would you bear it?"

"I? ah, me!" Ruth sprang from her chair and sank back with her hand at her throat.

Winsmeede started forward, but she motioned him back again.

"What is the matter, Ruth?"

"I am as glad, as glad as—if—he—had—come!" answered she, gasping for breath. "I want you to pray, mother—let us pray for strength to bear all things the Father sends. She sank down at Mrs. Fallon's feet as she had done the first time they had ever met.

"She has left it to God," thought Winsmeede, as he listened with eyes fixed yearningly on the two who to him were dearest of all the world. Mrs. Fallon prayed—Ruth lifted her head saying "Amen!"

"Amen!" echoed near them.

"It seemed to me, Ruth, two voices spake!"

"So it seemed to me, mother."

Winsmeede came and laid his head in his mother's lap. She ran her fingers swifly over his face, tracing each feature—then she whispered, "Is this dying? Ruth, am I dying? Or have I died and met my son in heaven?"

"Oh no, dear mother, *he has come!*"

"Speak to me, my son!" Her voice was very weak, and she shook like one palsied in his arms—his was scarcely less low and tender as he repeated Ruth's words—"Dear mother, he has come!" She lifted her sightless eyes to Heaven and murmured, while he kissed her face, "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage!" Ruth clung to both with fond caressings. Her voice rang its changes through sobs and laughter, her little hands were busy, they passed over and over Winsmeede's face, touched the scar on his temple tenderly—her lips did the same, and she smiled brightly as she wound his empty sleeve about her throat and nestled against the rough and faded grey jacket, as if it were the softest Mechlin lace. The darkest hour had rolled away and she clapped her hands like a happy child in the rosy light of morning.

CHAPTER VII.

"POST NUBILA, JUBILA!"

They were married. Three shining faces passed before me. One was old, two were young—all were beautiful. The central figure was an angel in a mist of floating white. His hand and hers touched mine—I wished them joy, and said—"Ah, Winsmeede, my friend, had you indeed slept in the low thick ranks sown on the field of glory, you would still have been blest in the love and grief of such a woman!"

ORANGE CULTURE.

THE ORANGE is the greatest fruit of commerce. It is the only tropical fruit which can be eaten in the perfection of its freshness, in every part of the world, and at almost every season of the year. The pine-apple and banana must be gathered for transportation before they are ripe, and thus lose much of their flavor and fragrance, and even then, perish quickly—foreign grapes must be treated in the same manner, or dried into raisins; figs and dates must also go through the drying process: the guava must be made into jelly—the cocoa-nut consolidates and becomes indigestible; but the orange carries its tropical perfume and exquisite flavor to St. Petersburg and to Stockholm. To protect it from the effects of heat and cold, it is furnished with a thick, soft rind—to protect it from the attacks of insects this rind is coated with an acrid, aromatic oil. During transportation, it is necessary to guard the fruit from bruises and moisture, and it should be well ventilated.

The cultivation of the orange requires but little labor and expense—fine crops being often obtained from the most neglected orchards. The trees bear abundantly and attain great age. There is one still living and vigorous in the orangery at Versailles, which is well ascertained to be over four hundred years old. It is called "le grand Bourbon," from having belonged to the celebrated constable of that royal name, in the beginning of the 16th century, and was confiscated to the crown in 1522, at which time it was one hundred years old. A crown is placed on the box in which it stands, with this inscription "Sown in 1421." Some trees at Cordova, in Spain, are said to be greatly older than this, however—not less than six or seven hundred years of age. It is claimed that those at Hampton Court, England, are three hundred years old.

The orange family includes the sweet orange (*Citrus aurantium*) and of this, the Italian gardeners enumerate forty different varieties;—the Seville, or bitter orange (*C. vulgaris*); the lemon (*C. limonum*); the lime (*C. limetta*); the shaddock (*C. decumana*) and the citron (*C. Medica*); all different species with the same general habit.

The last is valuable for its use in being formed into a sweetmeat. The shaddock is a large, showy fruit, of but little value, and so named from a Captain Shaddock, who introduced it into the West Indies, from China. The lemon is hardier and more easily cultivated than the orange, and its value is well known. The Seville, or bitter orange is supposed to have been brought to Florida by the Spaniards, and has become so common, as to appear indigenous. Audubon observes: "Whatever be its native country, the wild orange is, to all appearances, indigenous to many parts of

Florida, not only in the neighborhood of plantations, but in the wildest parts of that wild country, where there exists groves fully a mile in extent. The wild orange is a much more vigorous grower than the sweet, and for this reason, is used as a stock for budding and grafting the sweet orange upon. In Spain, the Seville orange is much cultivated for its fruit also, and forms extensive orchards, which constitute the wealth of many monasteries. The fruit is too bitter to be used in its raw state, but for culinary purposes, and for making wine, it is excellent. The best marmalade, and the richest wine, are made from it, and from its flowers, the best orange water is distilled. But it is to the sweet orange (*aurantium*) that we desire to direct particular attention, for its culture does not receive one tithe of the care, time, and expense which is its due, as *the* great fruit of commerce.

The quickest and easiest way of obtaining an orange orchard, is to select one of the natural orange groves, which are scattered so abundantly over "the wildest portions of this wild country" of Florida, and thin out the trees to about eighteen or twenty feet apart. Saw off the heads of the remaining trees in the winter, and they will throw out strong shoots in the spring. Upon these, bud in the following August, and in three years you will have a fine bearing orchard, if the soil, seasons, &c., are favorable. If any other fruit can be obtained with less labor, and in less time, we would be glad to know what it is. Where a natural orange grove is not available, the next method of growing an orchard, is to select wild stocks from open localities, where they have had room to form an abundance of fibrous roots, and transplant them into rows, the proper distance, eighteen or twenty feet, apart. These stocks should not be more than two or three inches in diameter, and should be budded two feet from the ground, in order to form low, branching heads.

The third, slowest, and *best* mode of forming an orchard, is as follows: Select the most perfect, and perfectly ripened wild fruit, and take out the seeds, which plant in light, rich earth, at the depth of half an inch. Give them the care and attention which you would young peach, or apple trees, and when they have attained the size of a goose-quill, or rather more, they are ready for receiving the buds, which should be selected from sound, plump, young shoots, of such trees as have a free growth, and are in a state of bearing. Seedlings may be expected to produce in seven years. The tree in Florida usually grows about twenty feet high. In its native countries its maximum height is fifty feet.

The Azores produce the most delicious oranges in the world.—On one of the islands, St. Michael's, is a tree which is said to have yielded, in one year, twenty thousand perfect oranges, exclusive of the imperfect or abortive fruits, which they there call curacoa oranges, from their being used in the manufacture of curacoa.—

The variety known as St. Michael's is a small fruit, the skin pale yellow, the rind thin, the pulp juicy, lusciously sweet and often seedless.

Before the great frost in 1835, there was a tree in St. John's, Florida, which produced ten thousand, and in 1829, Mr. A. Alvarez is said to have gathered, from one tree, six thousand five hundred. This frost killed trees that were forty feet high, and with trunks which measured from twenty to twenty-seven inches in diameter, and were supposed to number more than one century in age. At St. Augustine, it was stated, there were at least thirty thousand standard trees, and the crop at this place alone was estimated at from two to two and a half millions of oranges annually. The port here formerly presented quite a commercial aspect, there being frequently in it from fifteen to twenty vessels at a time loading with fruit. At this period, the owner of one hundred standard trees, might safely rely on a yearly income of $2,000, sometimes $3,000 and even $4,000.—

The orange succeeds best in a warm, fertile soil, composed principally of sand and loam, or sand and clay, not too dry, or too much exposed to strong winds. In Italy this fruit is grown to perfection in strong, yellow clay, highly fertilized. With regard to the usual quantity of fruit per tree in Florida, a recent writer remarks: "Their estimates vary from one to ten thousand per tree. I saw no tree which had upon it so many as the latter, though in several instances, I should judge there were upon the trees as many as two thousand." The same writer, in speaking of the orchard of Dr. Snell, on Sarasota bay, says: "We obtained here the most delicious oranges I ever tasted. The man who has the orchard in charge, pays no attention to it, except to gather the fruit as it is called for; and even that labor he seems to consider a peculiar hardship. When we were there in December and again on January 11th, the lemon trees (one-fourth of the orchard consisted of lemon trees) were bent to the ground with their immense loads of fruit, many of them being nearly ruined by the breaking of the limbs; and yet the ground was almost covered with as nice looking fruit as that which still hung upon the trees. The orange trees were not so heavily laden, and many of them had been injured by the gale of October last. During the last five years these trees have had no care." Other orchards he speaks of near Fort Myers, and adds: "With a reasonable amount of care, this might be made one of the most beautiful as well as remunerative places I have seen in Florida. The trees are young and thrifty, and the soil in this vicinity seems particularly adapted to their growth; and, notwithstanding the want of care, and hard usage these trees have received, they give promise of being exceedingly fruitful in a year or two."

The orange plantations of Florida have suffered greatly from the scale insect, (*Coccus hisperidum*) which, in some cases, have destroyed them entirely. Many

remedies have been tried for the extirpation of this pest, such as fumigating the trees with tobacco smoke, washing them with lime, soaps &c., but the gardeners of England have found the "best remedy the use of the common Chamomile. It is said that merely hanging up bunches of fresh chamomile amongst the branches destroys the scale insects, and planting it at the roots of the trees has also an excellent effect. When the bark and leaves are much infested, a strong decoction of the chamomile should be applied with a garden syringe. Another excellent remedy is said to be the *gas liquor* of the gas works, largely diluted with water and showered over the trees with a syringe or engine. As this liquor varies in strength, and is sometimes very strongly impregnated with ammonia, it is difficult to give a rule for its dilution. The safest way is to mix some and apply it to the leaves of very tender plants; if too strong, it will injure; if properly diluted, it promotes vegetation and destroys all insects."—(*Downing's Fruit Trees.*)

Oranges can be grown to advantage in Florida, Louisiana, Texas and California. It has been said that wherever the orange begins, the apple ceases, but to California at least, where "the nights of the temperate zone are married to tropical days," and where they have no winter, this remark does not apply. There the orange and the apple grow side by side. A committee appointed by the California Agricultural Society to visit farms, gardens &c., in that State, visited, amongst many other places, that of Mr. Wm. Wolfskill, in Los Angelos county. The orange grove of this gentleman was eighteen years old, trees twenty-five feet high—five feet higher than the average in Florida—and the yield per tree, from a thousand to fifteen hundred. One year he sold the produce of a single tree for $120. Mr. Wolfskill had also large bearing orchards of apples, pears and peaches, and a beautiful grove of sixty English walnuts, fourteen years old, which had been bearing four years.—This tree seldom bears until ten years old. In his nursery were young orange trees which had been budded and had made a growth of *eleven feet from the bud the first year!* And this was in 1857, an unusually dry year. In this nursery were also a number of three year old lemon and lime trees, growing finely—some of them having made a growth of nearly six feet from the bud this year.

Downing says that the orange, with a very slight protection, in the winter, might be grown as far north as Baltimore. "It is not the freezing which destroys them, for they will bear without injury, severe frost—*but the rupture of sap vessels by sudden thawing.* A mere shed, or covering of boards will guard against this mischief. Accordingly, towards the south of Europe, where the climate is pretty severe, the orange is grown in rows against stone walls, or banks in terraced gardens, or trained loosely against sheltered trellises; and at the approach of winter, they are covered

with a slight movable frame of boards. In mild weather the sliding doors are opened and air is admitted freely—if very severe, a few pots of charcoal are placed within the enclosure.—When we consider the extreme beauty of the orange, beauty of foliage, flower, fruit and tree, its extreme productiveness, and length of life, this seems a small amount of care to bestow upon it." In speaking of the perfume of the blossom, Du Tour in his "Dictionaire d' Histoire Naturelle," grows quaintly eloquent. "The odor of the orange flower is the standard of perfection of its kind. It has not, like that of many flowers, a deceitful sweetness, which pleases only to injure. It is not faint, like the scent of the jasmine and the rose; it does not affect the head like the narcissis or tuberose; it does not weaken the nerves, but rather strengthens them; it is a salutary odor, which refreshes the senses and enlivens the brain. In fine, it has no rival and is as salutary as it is delicious."

A FEW THOUGHTS ON GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

It was the darkness before the dawn, which was to burst in such regal splendor, over Germany;—she slept, as the princess in one of her own beautiful legends,—aye, she slept, till the depths of her great heart should be stirred, and the weird tones of her wondrous soul-music wake to thrill all Christendom.

Long centuries had made for her, a past of warrior-heroes; and though the German knights had proved their valor, on a hundred fields, and the German soldier brightened a hundred triumphs; though her emperors and kings, led on by glory and the greed of power, had inscribed for later ages, that strong arms, and numbers, achieve more than law or right;—though her vast territory had increased, and her fair expanses showed prosperous cities, towns, and hamlets,—yet her grand old language remained unappreciated;—the strength and beauty of its rich illustrative words,—thought-pictures, wonderfully set in speech,—organ sounds that roll, and vibrate, as the full, deep cadence finds its home in the heart;—all this, to the world, was uncared for, and unknown.

The language of the Germans has been called by them, *Teutsche*, or *Deutsche*, derived from the old Teutonic. The word has, also, been thought to originate from *Theut*, or *Deut*, signifying "the people."

The improvement of the early barbaric melange of provincialisms, and an incongruous foreign jargon, was first essayed by Charle-

magne; but the earliest written effort, from which German literature dates its birth, is a translation of the Gospels, by Bishop Ulphilas, as far back as A. D. 360, three hundred years before the time of Charlemagne;—and this little book claims the honor of preceding any attempt in either of the modern languages.

Charlemagne tried a grammar of this motley Mosaic of native and foreign words, and his reign really witnessed the first faint glimmering of that mysterious, and all wonderful German genius.

But the only vestige of the warlike poems, and stirring ballads of this period, has come to us in a fragment of a song of Hildebrand, given to us by the brothers Grimm. Afterwards a change came over the rugged Teutonic; for intercourse with Italy, and France, introduced innovations which softened, and improved it. Then too the fiery zeal and devotion, which united all Christendom under the cross, rolled on the ear the myriad tongues, which rung the alarum for the holy sepulchre,—and this also contributed to soften the harsher original. Later the Hohenstaufens swayed the sceptre, and their cultivation, and taste for art, fostered improvement. The Barbarossa, or red-bearded Frederick, had for a time dwelt in sweet Provence, and from the land of Troubadours, glided the soft music of their poetry. In these, the golden years of Germany's past, arose the Minnesingers, the poets of Love, as the name implies;—and their light, graceful effusions, refined and spiritualized the sturdy old Gothic.

And so the centuries swept on, and the words of strength grew stronger. as they chanted German valor,—and the warbled lore was softer as it sang of the fair, golden-haired frauleins by the Rhine, and thus the grand old language gained in majesty and beauty.

The enthusiasm subdued, and not *vif*, as in the French,—not passionate as the Italian, nor gloomy as that of the Spaniard, demanded soul-food,—therefore poetry and music became necessities, and from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, the prelude only, of what was to come, had sounded.

This strange, metaphysical, poetical, yet stolid race, were struggling in the twilight, grasping after the unattained, yet yearned for,—and on the threshold only, of the brilliant beyond.

After Luther's time, German literature declined;—the "Thirty Year's War" desolated the country,—and pedantry and affectation crept into the mystic circle.

Learning languished during the fierce struggles that succeeded, and though the cry of the soul was still for "light!—more light!" there was misty darkness and shrouding silence, till the eighteenth century heard the music of Klopstock, when his great "Messias" was born; and then the lesser spheres sounded, and the prince-master took his place.

The old city of Frankfort on the Maine, claims the birth of Johann Wolfgang Von Goëthe, August 28th 1749. Sprung from

the aristocracy, nursed and petted by his beautiful child-mother, his bright, sunny childhood passed.

Impressionable and fiery we find him, while yet a boy, agonized by the intensity of his first love.

But the heart that through a long life was only to dispense successively, did not break; though the boy-love has, with the boy-faith, so exquisitely idealized the heroine's name, in that Faust which thrilled all Germany. Despite the ethics of the poem-drama, which the "rigid righteous" so vehemently decry, the sweet, girlish trust, the faith and pathos of Margaret's love, hold the heart against all judgment.

The pretty poetry of Mignon's episode in Wilhelm Meister pleases, and the refrain of her child-sorrow is still echoing in our hearts, as she pleads for her return to that sunny land, where "the gold-orange blooms;" but, Margaret, man's spiritualized earth-love, attracts with a sad, sweet witchery, which holds us spell-bound, as only Goëthe's genius can;—lifts us far above the fault, and wrong, and sin, though the hard world thundered its code, as the organ rolled the "Dies Iræ," and faint and weary the broken lily fell at the cathedral gates.

But the perfection of Goëthe's womanhood is seen in his conception of Clara,—the Clara of "Egmont." Here again the characteristics, rather than the morale must appeal!—aye the strength of the passionate devotion of this Amy Robsart of Germany, wakens for her an all-absorbing interest. In Margaret the trust, and clinging, girlish love, are most prominent; the development born of the dangerous guile, of the accomplished man of the world; but in Clara it is Egmont's inspiration,—the passion called to life by the gallant soldier, brilliant noble, and impetuous lover. Her little songs are exquisite; breathing sometimes a witching coquetry, and always her unselfish devotion. In this drama, less metaphysical than Faust, the scenes are graphic, and the stirring history of the revolt of the Netherlands, moves almost as a living spectacle.

Some of Egmont's soliloquies rise into all the grandeur of the truly majestic German, and the famous prison reflection is unsurpassed by anything which even Shakspeare has left to us.

An English writer, comparing the Juliet of Shakspeare with Schiller's Thekla, has remarked that in Juliet is found an "infinity of love," but in Thekla "an eternity," and in truth the womanly characteristics are wonderfully developed in this rare gallery. Sweet, trustful Margaret pleads her faith-love, for even when dying her lips fashion the name of her beloved;—Clarchen, with more of the strength of passion, exhibits the fathomless depths of her intenser nature, while Thekla—Schiller's pure, self-sacrificing girl-patriot, passes away in the music of her broken heart, as she murmurs her exquisite farewell, in the sweet, sad line,

"Ich habe gelebt, und geliebet!"

And this his earliest, and most spirituelle creation, recalls another of the great lights, which brightened the eighteenth century.

John Christopher Frederic Von Schiller, was born on the tenth of November, 1759, at Marbach on the Neckar. And what a contrast his infancy and boyhood present, when compared with the cloudless happiness of Goëthe's life. Born in poverty, and educated at a military-monastic school, he was restricted from all intercourse with women; for Charles, duke of Wurtemberg, thought it most conducive to the intellectual development of his beneficiaries, to allow only the visits of mothers, and very young sisters. Heart-food, and brain-food were alike dusty books;—and we find the talent, which, in the future, was to give us Don Carlos, Marie Stuart, Thekla, and the thrilling drama of William Tell,—diligent in the study of physic and jurisprudence.

But the soul of the thirsting neophyte panted for its native element, and we watch him through the stolen hours of the night, reveling in what was to make his fame, throughout the world.

And now the student life passes away, and we find the independent German spirit, boldly and bravely struggling for freedom of thought; and unwilling to submit to the sway and espionage of his old patron, he escaped from the army, and then appeared "The Robbers,"—the first born of that wonderful intellect,—and a drama of rare talent, and marvelous power.

Afterwards came Don Carlos, Marie Stuart, Wallenstein, and Piccolomini, Revolt of United Netherlands, and as the last effort, and crowning glory, "William Tell." The story of Don Carlos, as told by Prescott, in his simple and beautiful English, is familiar to all;—but the grace and eloquence of the love-passages in the drama, require all the fiery imagination of this grand old master. Marie Stuart as portrayed by Schiller, has all the womanly dignity, with which we love to associate the beautiful queen of Scotland. The garden scene has become world-renowned, since Ristori's perfect rendering, and gentle accents have thrilled two continents with their eloquence.

In preparing himself for Wallenstein, and the Piccolomini, Schiller collected material for "The Revolt of the United Netherlands," a period with which we are now well acquainted, through the researches of the terse, and elegant Prescott, and tireless Motley.

Schiller's life differs entirely from that of his great compeer;—for Goëthe, with his rare beauty, seemed born to happiness;—while his joyous, expansive heart, ever life-giving, received, and gave forth, without ceasing, emphatically an absolvent, and whirled on by destiny, he dispensed what might be called, his life-charities;—receiving always a more costly recompense, as Gretchen, Frederica, and a hundred others answer to the roll-call of his unresisting, and irresistible heart.

But of all the many,—the his-

tory of Frederica, the timid, shy, yet loving maiden, stands conspicuous in her sweet forgiving sorrow;—a mute, appealing rebuke to the faithless poet. Through long years of neglect and forgetfulness, still she clung to this grand passion of her life; and when wooed, her reply was,

"The heart that has once been Goëthe's, can never be another's."

Schiller, differently situated, had life's hard realities to struggle against, for poverty, with its iron grasp, had seized him, and he had little time for love's dalliance, or its joys; in fact, his early isolation from women, told plainly in his writings, and his heart-impressions were neither many, nor inspiring; therefore, we are not suprised at his friendship—love-marriage. Whether the heart of this mighty German could have been otherwise wakened, remains a mystery, but certainly the perfection of womanly passion, has never been evidenced in his heroines.

Schiller generally wrote at night, strengthened by very strong coffee:—this was the habit of a life time,—and to and fro, through the cold German midnights, would he pace his room, while the grand conceptions of his magnificent intellect were dreamed into realities.

But the battle, the toil, and the wear of a troubled existence told upon him, while yet in the flush of his manhood. An earnest spirit, disdaining the mean and the sensual, his strivings were after the pure, the true and the good; and as his last born, his farewell benison to his fatherland, he bequeathed his great drama of William Tell.

Who that has read this does not feel his pulses quicken, as the splendid talent of the author does noble battling for the Right?—and, as the last flush on the Rutli dies along the Swiss heavens, we feel Schiller's spirit floating upward in its light.

As the one illustrates the German genius, so the other stands colossal as the German talent.

Even the personal appearance of the men, seem to speak their especial characteristics. Goëthe was tall and majestic—the handsome man of Germany;—with that marvelous beauty which lit every lineament with the reflex of his soul;—and Schiller, towering in his rugged outlines, large featured, and irregular, yet always bearing the impress of the great intellect, that swayed him with imperial rule.

But they both have passed, where to use Schiller's own language,

"Word is kept with Hope, and to wild Belief, a *lovely truth* is given."

And the old German is singing still their echoes—the delicious thrilling minor, and the vibrating heart-stirring bass;—a grandly weird symphony, born in the wild German mountains, and nursed by the blue, rippling Rhine.

Again we listen to the sweet Minnesingers, and again we bow in reverence to the magnificent hymns of the seventeenth century:—now the spell of Goëthe's genius lures us,—and anon Heine's silvery music wilders, as did his own beautiful Lorelei. The soul-chants of Schiller waken,

and vibrate to the very depths of the spirit,—while Kremer, fiery, impassioned, freedom-loving Kremer, shields us with that last hymn,—born, while his immortality hovered on the brink of Destiny.

And so the mighty host passes onward, — onward! — marshaled into the far eternity; but, their teachings remain forever in our hearts, and as an inspiration from them echoes the sentiment,

"Whoever with an earnest soul,
Strives for some end, from this low world afar,
Still upward travels tho' he miss the goal,
And strays—but towards a star!"

THE HAVERSACK.

We suppose that the ideas of discipline were not very rigid, in either of the hostile armies, at the beginning of the war. Unfortunately for us, the Federal army, having with it the nucleus of the old army, was constantly improving in character and tone, while we rather declined than improved in essential particulars. Some very crude notions, however, were corrected, and from Gen. Jas. H. Clanton we get an illustration of a change for the better

Enlightened Constituents.—Gen. Bragg had the organization at Pensacola of the first troops in the field. His views, as is well known, were very strict, and those of many of his subordinates very loose. One day, he was giving a certain Colonel "a blowing up" for certain conduct subversive of "good order and military discipline," when the irritated Colonel replied:

"Sir, I am not responsible to you for my behavior, I am accountable only to my enlightened constituents, who elected me Colonel of their regiment!"

This is precisely the view taken of the situation by the Radical chiefs. They are responsible neither to the Constitution, nor to the country, only to the enlightened constituents, who put them in power.

We are indebted to Col. Grayson, of Henderson, Ky., for the annexed incidents.

A SCENE ON THE OHIO RIVER DURING THE WAR.

In the summer of 1864, Gen. Buford, of the C. S. A., commissioned Capt. Ollie B. Steele to enter Southern Kentucky, and recruit for the South. In accordance with his commission, he entered the State, and during the summer, raised a considerable force. He, and his men, early in September, started for the South, and on the 14th of the month arrived on the banks of Cumberland river. Just before they entered Eddyville, on the banks of the river, they met a man coming from the village, who assured the Captain that there were no Federal soldiers in the town.

The Southern boys moved in haste to look for a crossing place, the night was very dark—no sooner had they reached the ferry than to their great surprise, they encountered a large force of "Yanks," belonging to Colonel Burgess' command, concealed under the bank—there was also a portion of Colonel B's. men ambushed in their rear. In a moment, Captain Steele and nearly all his men were taken prisoners—a few of them effected their escape, under cover of darkness. They lost about forty thousand dollars in horses, ammunition, arms, &c., &c. Captain Steele was taken into a room, searched, and divested of all his papers, and pen-knife, then, in order to secure his agreeable company for the remainder of the night, they tied him, hand and foot. Early the next morning his arms were pinioned behind him, and he placed upon a mule, minus saddle or blanket, and hurried off to Princeton, (a small town not far distant) to Colonel Burgess' headquarters. Here they took him to a hotel, and fastened him, at full length upon a plank which was in the bar-room—in this attitude he remained all day. Nearly all the citizens called to see him—some seemed to rejoice greatly, while others looked on with pity and sorrow. The following day, Captain Steele, two of his men, and eleven of General Adam Johnson's command were placed on board the steamer "Colossus," under charge of Lieut. Higgins, with eight well armed soldiers, and started for Louisville, the head-quarters of Gen. Burbridge, who had an *insatiable* thirst for Southern blood. Captain Steele was aware that Burbridge had issued an order to execute him whenever caught, and that his order was in the hands of Colonel Glenn, commandant of the Post at Henderson.

Therefore, Captain Steele determined to regain his liberty or lose his life in the attempt—what was to be done? to go to Louisville, death awaited him and his men, should he fail to rescue himself from the guard on the boat, the same dreadful fate would be the result. Under these circumstances, he conceived the idea of rushing upon the guard and disarming them. This plan was disclosed to his men. Only six out of thirteen consented to aid him. The plan was this: When you see me (said Captain S.) commence to button my coat, plant your feet for a spring upon the man you have singled out. The project was now well understood. On the morning of Sept. 17th, the perilous moment arrived—six of the thirteen men stepped out and remarked to the Captain, that they would live or die with him. All the guard were now on duty, with the exception of one, whose gun was across his lap, and he, apparently, asleep. Capt. Steele commenced buttoning his coat—the last button is now in the button-hole. The attack is made—the struggle is fearful for a few moments, it is doubtful who will be master of the arms. Captain Steele succeeded in getting into his possession one musket—in one moment more his antagonist had received

its contents, and fell dead at his feet; he then threw the gun down, and seized a revolver which was attached to the body of the dead man. One of the guard, an exceedingly stout man, rushed forward, grasped the pistol, and endeavored to wrench it from Capt. S. After struggling for some time, he succeeded in getting the Captain's head between his knees, both holding on like "grim death" to the revolver. In this perilous situation, one of the prisoners sprang forward, seized the discharged musket, and thrust the bayonet through the Yankee, killing him instantly—another prisoner succeeded in getting possession of the gun of one of the guard, and shot one arm quite off at the shoulder. At this juncture the remainder of the guard surrendered—having lost three men out of eight. During the little conflict, Lieut. Higgins was no where to be seen. After a cessation of hostilities diligent search was instituted for him; he was finally discovered snugly ensconced under the bed of the chamber-maid—a very cordial invitation was extended to him to come out, as Capt. Steele wished to behold the light of his countenance. As he approached the Captain, he fell on his knees and *besought* him to spare his life. Capt. Steele assured him that he would not harm him, but told him, that he must give a correct statement of the whole affair.

The boat was landed at Weston, on the Kentucky side. All the government property was taken off. There were sixteen thousand dollars on the boat belonging to private individuals, which was unmolested. At that time Capt. Steele was only twenty years of age.

WM. P. GRAYSON.
Henderson, Ky.

From a member of the late 5th South Carolina regiment, of the so-called Confederate army, we get the two incidents below:

At the battle of Seven Pines, after the 5th South Carolina regiment had taken a line of entrenchments from the enemy, the regiment was formed in them, so as to front a dense mass of brush and felled timber. A considerable number of federal stragglers had collected in this abatis, and while we were occupying their former position, poured a pretty heavy fire into us, which made it quite dangerous for any one to raise his head above the works. About that time, private A. Spears, of company H. had his attention attracted by a very large, fine horse, which seemed to be hitched to a snag at the end of the abatis, and fully two hundred yards in front of our line. Without orders from any one, he crossed over the works, in the midst of the firing from both sides, and moved forward towards the horse with the intention of capturing it. As he advanced, nearly the whole regiment ceased firing, and watched his movements with almost breathless silence. At length he arrived within about ten paces of the horse, when he was suddenly halted by one of the federals, who was lying behind a log very near the horse, and who, until then, had been entirely concealed. Nothing

daunted, however, Spears immediately came to a ready, and ordered the blue-coat to surrender, which was no sooner said than done. The brave fellow then loosed the horse—which, by the way, was a superb animal—and deliberately marched back to our line with both his prizes, amidst the hearty cheers of his comrades. His success in the adventure was, however, quite remarkable, as I was told afterwards that, while in the act of cocking his gun, the cap dropped off, which, of course, left him at the mercy of his prisoner—though fortunately the latter was not aware of it, and quietly submitted to the orders of his captor.

Almost every one is familiar with the tremendous crash made by a brass band at the commencement of certain pieces of music. I once saw it have quite an amusing effect upon a Confederate soldier in Virginia. When the Washington artillery, of New Orleans, was removed from the 2nd South Carolina brigade, in '61, the band of our regiment—the 5th South Carolina—decided to give them a serenade on the night previous to their departure. Accordingly, the band, accompanied by a considerable crowd of the 5th, went over to the artillery camp. It was a calm, clear night, all the noise of the camp had died away, and with the exception of one or two here and there, the whole section was fast asleep. The musicians took their stand between one of the caissons and a large spreading oak, at the root of which, stretched out upon his blanket, lay one of the artillerymen quietly taking his repose, and utterly unconscious of anything that was going on around him. At last the entire band, *both* drums, cymbals, horns and all, struck up some lively air, with a crash equal to the discharge of a twenty-four pounder—away they went, blowing most furiously, and entirely ignorant of the immense excitement they had created in the mind of the poor fellow lying under them, who, at the first sound of their instruments, bounced into the air like an India-rubber ball, and apparently without moving a single muscle—it seemed as if the sound of the horns had tossed him up, without changing the horizontal position of his body. He lit on his feet, however, and still half asleep, with the most ludicrous expression of horror on his face, exclaimed, or rather gasped out—"Great Heavens! has the whole d——d battery blown up?" He was agreeably surprised when informed that only the horns, and not the battery, had been blown up. E. R. W.

Dr. I. E. Nagle sends the next anecdote from New Orleans, La.

At the battle of Lebanon, Tennessee, the 11th Texas cavalry belonged to John Morgan's command. It was made up of a set of brave and reckless men, thoroughly acquainted with all the peculiar accomplishments of their section, including the use of the lasso. Their skill with the lasso was often made available in procuring them certain luxuries, such as fat pig, fat turkey, and fat chicken. On the day of the

battle, one of the 11th lassoed a Dutch cavalryman in the Yankee service. He was a fat, thick-set, surly fellow, with a stolid countenance, and as he sat squarely on his horse, giving a grunt of dissatisfaction, when a playful twitch was made on the rope round his neck, he presented a spectacle of intense interest to the surrounding rebs. Approaching General M., the Texan saluted him respectfully, and told him that he had *captivated* the Dutchman at the end of his line.

Dutchy blurted out, "Ish you General Morgans?"

The General replied in the affirmative.

"Vell den, vot sort of a tam vay is dish of vitin? You lets your mensh ketch a feller mit a hell of a r-r-ope rount mit his neck, so like a tamt tog. Dish is von hell's of a vay of vitin mit a tam r-r-ope!"

General Wilcox sends an anecdote of Captain Davy Crockett, of Arkansas, the grandson of the celebrated Crockett, of Tennessee and Texas.

The Captain was going home on a leave of absence, accompanied by a soldier, during the last days of the so-called. He had ridden all day, and hungry and weary, he stopped at night-fall at a house by the way-side, and asked for lodgings.

"Can't take you," said an old man, at the door, "got nothing to eat. The rebels, they comes along and eats up all we got, and then the Yankees, they comes along and they eats up the balance!"

"Very well," says Crockett, "I am too tired to go any farther. Let my horses stay in your lot, so they can't get away, and I will sleep here on the ground."

The old man looked long and inquisitively at him, and then said, "pears like I ought to know you, what mout be your name?"

"I am Captain Crockett, and this is my friend, Robinson Crusoe, from Selkirk's Island."

"Is you enny kin to Davy Crockett of the Western Deestrict of Tennessee?"

The Captain replied, "I am his grandson."

"Get down, Captain, and come in. Here, old woman, is the grandson of our old neighbor, Davy Crockett, of the Western Deestrict, and this is Mr. Robinson Crusoe. We knowed the Captain's granddaddy powerful well, but we wos'nt so well acquainted with the kinfolks of Mr. Crusoe!"

Hendersonville, Mississippi, is responsible for the next anecdote.

During the battle of Seven Pines, the 14th Mississippi was thrown out on picket, with orders to fire on any one coming in front.

Private McIntire, being on the extreme right of the regiment, and seeing a man advancing, unarmed, from the front, fired, and killed him. On creeping up to him, and carefully examining his person, he found that he had been discharged from the Yankee service, the day previous, for being *non compos mentis*, and having been left in camp (as was supposed) by the troops who were

then fighting on our left, he had strayed to our portion of the line, and was killed, as above related. After the fighting was over we buried, decently, the man, whose name proved to be John Deal.

A well known *private* of the regiment placed a head-board over the grave, with the following inscription, rudely carved, on it, with the point of a knife.

Here lies a *Yankee*, by name John Deal,
Who was never known, *by us*, to steal:
But for the want of a gun to fire,
Was killed by the *rebel* McIntire.

TATT P.

From a former member of Semmes' brigade we get an anecdote of one who did *not* believe in the Maine liquor law.

A few days before the battle of Seven Pines, Kershaw's South Carolina brigade was moving to take position on the right of Semmes' Georgia brigade. As the South Carolinians came in front of our brigade, they gave three cheers for "the gallant Semmes of Georgia." Not to be out done in courtesy, we roared lustily back "three cheers for the chivalrous Kershaw of South Carolina." The last lingering notes had hardly faded on the breeze, when a voice from far down our line was faintly but distinctly heard, "three cheers for me, boys, and I am d——d drunk at that." There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. The South Carolinians were soon out of sight, but not out of hearing of the laughter following the burlesque upon the scene of the "mutual admiration societies."

An old reb, who has wandered to the loyal town of Elizabeth, New Jersey, tells us of different styles of running.

In July, 1864, a portion of Carter's battalion of artillery, A. N. V. A., was stationed below Richmond in the neighborhood. The river was closely patrolled by Yankee gunboats, and owing to their watchfulness, extensive fields of wheat on Turkey Island and Strawberry Plains could not be harvested, and were lost to a country suffering for food. It was part of the parental discipline inflicted by the best government the world ever saw, "to starve out the rebellion" and restore wandering prodigals to the dear old homestead.

The men being heartily tired of corn meal, were eager to get flour, and numbers of them went into these fields, and with their pocket knives, cut down as much as they could carry. This was threshed in a rough way and ground into flour at an adjoining mill. Men of all arms of the service soon swarmed over the fields, and thus supplied themselves with an article which had become a great luxury.

One day, late in July, I was sent down to ascertain the position and number of the gunboats, and stopped where about a hundred men were reaping with their pocket knives. Private John T. Mills, of Page's battery, was one of the reapers. He was one of the best soldiers in the army, and the bravest of the brave, but the incident I am about to relate will show that he could run too. A party of about fifty marines had landed under cover of the river bank, and when first seen, were

only about 60 yards from the reapers, who were wholly unarmed. The marines opened a rapid, but harmless fire, and then charged forward, firing as they advanced. Mills and your correspondent retired promptly, without regard to the order of our going.—Being mounted, your correspondent used his spurs with vigor, and he flatters himself, with effect.—Mills being on foot, started off at a speed which would not have done discredit to the Olympic races.—Looking over my shoulders, I saw him stop, coolly inspect his pursuers, and then started at a run again. When I had reached a place where I could talk with him without danger of unreasonable interruption from our "Northern brethren," I waited till he came up, and inquired,

"Mills, what on earth did you stop for, right in the hottest of the firing?"

"Well," replied he, "I wanted to *gauge my running*, and I stopped to see whether it was cavalry or infantry after me. I was running on the infantry schedule, but if it had been cavalry behind me, I would have run on the cavalry schedule, and gone a little faster!"

We have heard that a man named Schenck, at a place called Vienna, ran on the cavalry schedule, and that no impediments might obstruct the vigor of his speed, he dispensed with his hat and coat.

Our next comes from Napoleon, Arkansas:

While we were at Grenada, Mississippi, a young lieutenant, who felt his position more than his position felt him, had a very peculiar cap. It was made of a coon skin, and really looked very well, though rather *coonish*, as the tail was left hanging behind. This youngster had occasion one day to ride through Price's infantry, and a more noisy, roaring, mischievous set of fellows could not be found, the whole world over. It was raining very hard, and the young lieutenant met the men returning, hastily, from the drill-ground. He was not long in hearing, "here's the same old coon." "Get out of that coon-skin, I know you ar thar, see your little legs a stickin' out." Another began to whistle, and call for dogs, saying, "boys, we'll catch the varmint and, have a mess of coon-meat." "No," replied another, "it's too *green* to eat." 'Taint none, it's been killed long enough to smell a little already." "Spiled (spoiled) by its elevated position," suggested another.—These jeers were too much for the dignified lieutenant, putting on an important air and blustering manner, he bawled out defiantly, "do you know who you are talking to!"

A little sallow-faced, pumpkin-eating Arkansian replied,

"Yes, we does, we are talking to spiled (spoiled) meat."

The *spiled* meat had sufficient vitality left to wheel his horse, dash his spurs into the poor animal and gallop away.

D. H. C. M.

Halifax, N. C., gives a characteristic anecdote of the generous and lamented Branch:

By a contribution in a late number of THE LAND WE LOVE, in which a chivalric comparison is instituted between Sir Philip Sidney and Bentiago, I am reminded of two acts of nobleness, worthy of Southrons, which equal, if not eclipse, the historian's praise of Sidney, and Lockhart's pompous verse, lauding Bentiago.

As the late, lamented, General L. O. B. Branch was covering the retreat of the Confederates from the battle of Newbern, in 1862, the enemy approaching rapidly, he observed some soldiers dragging slowly along in a blanket, some one badly wounded. Inquiring whom they had, he was told, Captain M——. General Branch immediately said, "here, Captain, take my horse, and make your escape.

The Captain says: "No, General, you are more valuable to our cause, I am only a Captain, go on."

General Branch would not leave him until he had given directions concerning his comfort, and a shorter route for them to take him. He however, was captured, after a long time recovered, was released, and did good service: while General Branch, whom his country mourns, fell, on the Potomac, in the spring-time of his glory. And when the time shall come, as it will, for us to honor properly, his peaceful grave, let us not forget this act of unalloyed humanity. M. T. D.

Memphis, Tennessee, tells of an incorrigible rebel:

In Shelby county, in this State, there lived, during the war, a rich specimen of the unreconstructed. During the Yankee occupancy of the county, he was arrested as a "rebel sympathizer," and ordered to take the oath. Some days of confinement, however, served to "develop his latent Unionism," and he sent for the Yankee commander, and expressed his willingness to "swallow the nasty thing." He, however, probably expressed the opinion that he would throw it up again, and inquired whether he would be released even if he should throw up. Being assured that he would be released upon taking the oath, without regard to the nausea that might be produced, he began to *swallow* the words of the oath after the officer. But the formula was not half through, when he cried, "Stop, Mr. Yank, I want to puke." He went to the window, and did actually throw up, and then came back and swallowed the rest of the oath. Again, he returned to the window and relieved himself, and declared that it had all come up, and tasted "powerful bitter." We have heard of "a new way of paying old debts:" but certainly this was a new way of relieving one's conscience.

A crowd of wounded boys were sitting around the stove in the Bragg Hospital when heavy jokes and left-handed compliments were passed on different Southern States. The manners, customs and language were freely discussed and freely criticised. Some sharp and telling things were said

by an Alabamian about East Tennessee. A Tennessean took up the defence and said:

"Well, boys, I admit that there is too much ignorance in East Tennessee, but some of her neighbors have not much to boast of. I got my first bad wound in '62, and as my home was in the Yankee hands, I was furloughed to go where I pleased, and I went to Alabama. I took up my abode with an old lady, who was a fire-eating hater of Yankees, and had as little toleration for a blue-coat as for the Queen's English. One day, when the conversation turned rather gloomily upon the prospect of the final success of the Yankees, she flew into a great passion and cried out, 'never, never, they may captivate all the men, they may arrogate all the women, they may fisticate all the land, but they can never congregate the South, never, never, never.'"

The old lady did not dream of the congregate relations which the school marms would establish with "Afric's chosen race" in the congregated South.

BORN IN THE DARK OF THE MOON.—Spite of the teachings of men of science to the contrary, many persistently insist that vegatables and cereals should be planted according to the phases of the moon. Root crops are to be planted in the dark of the moon, and other crops from new to full moon. A Dutch farmer would consider it the height of folly, and a gross disrespect to the memory of his fathers to neglect the state of the moon, when planting time had come.

Major —— of the —th Texas, *foot*, was remarkable for the size of his lower extremities, and it was thought that he had appropriately chosen the *foot* service, when he entered the army, as a lieutenant of infantry. He never mired down on the worst roads, and trod over the worst slosh as calmly, and as majestically as though on a Macadamized road. In time, the casualties of war and the gallantry of the man brought about promotion, and the lieutenant was changed into a Field Officer. But his elevation on horseback, like many other elevations in life, only revealed the Major's defects. Those enormous feet (and they were enormous) were the occasion of many sarcastic remarks, often in the gallant Major's hearing. One day, a discussion arose as to the cause of the tremendous pedal developments, when a philosophic reb explained, by saying, "the Major was born in the dark of the moon and all run to root!"

BURIAL OF GENERAL MORGAN.

We copy the following from the Louisville (Ky.,) *Courier:*

In all the land of the captive there is no spot more sacred than the cemetery which the Virginians call Hollywood. It looks upon the James, which runs toward the sea to mingle its waters and its glories with those of the Potomac. On the banks of these two rivers there lived the noblest of their race. By their gurgling waters there now sleep better men than those who live. In that hallowed ground heroes rest, who saw the splendor of the Wilderness, and who escaped the honorable misfortune of the Appomattox. The trees were assuming their new livery; the grass was growing, a few flowers were struggling to add their beauty to the holy scene, and, while spring was leaping from the lap of winter, all that remained of the most attractive tenant of Hollywood was taken from its noble society to be returned to the State that bore him. If Virginians regret to see such a superb monument removed from the Holy City, let them receive consolation from the reflection that there are still sleeping there, in silent graves, heroes sufficient to fill the history of twenty nations with examples which ere long may urge the captives to break the chains that bind them and strike once more for freedom.

As the solemn cortege moves today beneath the shadow of Clay's monument, and by the grave where Hanson sleeps, bearing the dead body of the knightliest horseman who ever drew sword to guard his own and his country's honor, braver than all men—more generous than brave—more merciful than generous—followed by men who had often before followed him where danger was—curious thoughts will arise in the minds of Kentuckians there.—Why is this man dead? Flattered by nature with every grace to adorn his person, with the power to charm alike manhood and beauty—no rank too high—no society too refined—no place in which he would not have been an ornament—why was this man killed? Were there Kentuckians who guided foreign regiments across the State to pillage Virginia, and to murder Hanson, Sidney Johnston, and Morgan? Perhaps it is well they are dead; but remember that there was no price upon their sword. High rank did not allure their virtue, nor did bribes win their arms to enslave their State. Army commissions covering a foreign scheme to pillage their own people, were spurned as gentlemen spurn dishonor. Better that they had not lived to see the disgrace of the country they loved and served so well. By the aid of Kentuckians a false Virginian now domineers over once free Kentucky. The voice of eloquence is softened into a whine of complaint. Tones of

defiance are hushed into a whisper of cowardice. Timid men sit in high places with too much selfishness to abdicate, and too little courage to execute. With Joab's friendship, these timid men counsel those who obeyed Johnston, Breckinridge, Buckner, Hanson, and Morgan, to confess that they are ashamed of the flag they followed. Ashamed of what? The fact of defeat and of humiliating conquest is admitted. But ashamed of what? Ashamed that we refused to act with dishonor? Refused to aid foreigners to conquer our own people? Ashamed because bribes could not allure, nor danger intimidate? Never! never! never! Never, by the glories of Stonewall Jackson and of Lee; never, by the grand and picturesque death of Sidney Johnston; never, by the ashes of Hanson and of Morgan; never, by the untarnished sword of Breckinridge will we confess that we are ashamed of the flag we followed!

Let the cortege move on with its dust. The body was killed in war, but I defy the conqueror to suppress the name that rises from the grave. Tradition will tell it, history will perpetuate it, and song in sweetest music will pour forth its glory from the lips of children, and in the feeble utterances of age. The knightly horseman will be the first picture which the father will paint for his boy, and the strongest example to urge manhood to honorable action.

Farewell, friend of my youth, companion in life, brave, generous, merciful comrade, farewell. Upon the turf that covers you, fair hands will strew *immortelles*. Beautiful word, for it accords so well with Morgan's name. I will go often to your grave, and I may feel your spirit there, and many more will go with me. Farewell. Let the cortege move on. The tears that flow down the cheek from eyes not used to weeping come from men who never wept in battle. Let the brave soldiers weep over their dead chieftain.

HOWARD.

EDITORIAL.

A loyal editor in Dixie does not repose upon a bed of roses. Some of his labors may be judged of by a plain statement of the kind of letters received at this office, and we give a real, and not a fancy picture. Inquiries about a situation for an old man, for a young man, for an old lady, for a young lady; inquiries about Scuppernong vines, about the price of land in the South, about the water-falls of the South; inquiries about a missing soldier, about a stolen watch (referred to loyal men every where,) about the best kind of milch cows, (none as to calf,) about the worst desolated portion of the South, (referred writer to Maj. Nicholls' "March to the Sea.") Next, inquiries about Reports of Battles, (referred to Printing Department of Confederate Government); inquiries about the authorship of a book, of a story, of a poem; inquiries about the address of certain *literateurs*, of certain Generals of the so-called, of members of the Confederate Congress. Here we may mention that we actually received a letter from a Mississippi soldier asking us to find out the given name and Post Office of his sweetheart! We set about this interesting investigation with as much energy as Butler or Stevens on a mission from their great leader below, and we learned that the young lady had plighted heart and hand *to another man*. Sometimes we have a variation in the shape of complaints against book-keepers, complaints against loyal post-masters (from some unrepentant rebel), complaints against printers, complaints against proof-readers. Again, comes the curt, challenge-like demand "what has become of my wife's poem?" or "what have you done with my article?" Worse than all, more vexatious than all, more perplexing than all, more unendurable than all is the unceasing flow into the sanctum of poetry that *won't* flow. Fainting on the dusty march, freezing in camp, starving on short rations, fighting yankees—all are positive enjoyments compared with the daily duties of the loyal editor in Dixie.

Maj. Gen. Butler, U. S. A., boasts that he has been always in advance of his party, in his grand ideas of progress, emancipation, arming the negroes, impeaching the President, &c., &c., and that the Republicans followed slowly and painfully his leadership for a while, but at length came squarely up abreast with him.—We think that the illustrious hero presents his claims too strongly, or that he does injustice to his party. He may have led the way in his peculiar views about *meum* and *tuum*, but surely he wrongs the Republicans in saying they were slow in adopting his ideas and imitating his practice. The great warrior says nothing about his persistent, persevering vote for

Jeff. Davis as President of the United States. He was in advance of his party in that vote.—As he thinks that it is a mere question of time as to the ultimate carrying out of all his schemes, does he expect the Radicals some day to press the claims of Mr. Davis for the Presidency?

We copy from the Memphis *Appeal*, a flat contradiction of the cock and bull story of Hon. Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania. We are glad for the sake of the great fame of the illustrious hero, that the falsehood has been exposed. Our able contemporary has done right in thus vindicating the truth of history. General Lee and Hon. Simon Cameron are not so well known abroad as they are at home; and probably, an uncontradicted slander might be believed in the next generation. The source, from which the story came, would render it very doubtful in the minds of all men living in this year of grace, 1868; the personage, to whom the story refers, makes it not merely improbable, but impossible. The *Appeal* says:

A PROUD NAME.—A writer in one of the leading British Reviews, during the progress of the war, said the truth of history depended upon the dispatches of Gen. Robert E. Lee. As much as to say, he did not prevaricate, he did not extenuate, he alone, was free from exaggeration and misrepresentation. One of our exchanges says, in reference to a slander perpetrated by the notoriously corrupt Cameron, of Pennsylvania:

GENERAL LEE.—A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier*, writing from Lexington, Va., has thought it worth while to deny the slanderous statement of Cameron of the particulars connected with the tender of the United States army to Gen. Lee, when the war upon the Southern States was about to be begun. After reasoning upon the inherent and inferential improbability of Cameron's story, the writer says, in italics, "General Lee says the charge is untrue." The denial was altogether unnecessary.—There is something about General Lee that repels the thought of dishonor, that forty thousand Camerons could not fasten the slightest suspicion on him.

What more conclusive evidence is wanted of Cameron's falsehood than the simple denial of Robert E. Lee? There is a moral grandeur in the thought.

When Sumter was fired upon, a howl of indignation went up from the loyal North, "the old flag had been insulted, rebels must be put down, the Union must, and shall be preserved." The fiercest and loudest among the Union shriekers were the men, who had been striving, for a quarter of a century, to break it up, and who had, during all that period, denounced the Constitution as "a covenant with death and a league with hell." Inflamed by the fiery calls to arms from these new converts to Unionism, millions of men sprang forth to crush the rebellion. The old enemies of the Union, now become eloquent patriots, and stern advocates of war, did not themselves take the field, they were needed at home "to fire the heart of the nation," and their precious lives might be

taken by ruthless and indiscriminating rebels. So they hired substitutes, took the non-taxable bonds of the government, made contracts, delivered bellicose orations and—shunned the nefarious rebels.

Well, the insult to the old flag was avenged in the best blood of the South, and in the ruin and degradation of a once happy people. When this great and glorious object had been accomplished, a Sergeant of the Federal army, who had been fighting for the Union, while these men were making contracts and speeches, travels alone, and unarmed, all over the rebel South, with the old flag flying over his head. He is received every where kindly, cordially, *enthusiastically*, till he gets to the Capitol of the nation, and comes into the very presence of the men, who shouted so fiercely in '61 about "the insult to the old flag." Here, for the first time is he snubbed, and his flag, the *national* flag—treated with contempt!

How conclusively does this prove the hypocrisy of these Jacobins, when they talked about the insult to the old flag, in 1861. 'Twas hatred of the South and not love of the Union, which made them champions of the old flag. Now as then, hatred of the South is the controlling motive in all that they do. This it is, which prompts them to impose upon us their wicked schemes for our degradation.

Believing that the whole Abolition movement had its root in hatred of God's Word, and contempt of its teachings, we have never doubted that He would, in His own good time, vindicate His authority before the Universe. The vindication has come sooner than we expected. It has come in the demonstration before the world of the *utter* falsehood of all the pretexts set up by the Jacobins for drenching the land in blood. No one in his senses can be made to believe that the men, who have been cursing the old flag for twenty years, could, in a single day, undergo so total a change as to regard it with religious veneration, ornament pulpits with its graceful folds, put pictures of it in bibles, and anthems in its praise in prayer books and hymn books. While the old flag madness pervaded all classes, this glaring inconsistency was not commented upon, perhaps not noticed even. But now, men can look around more calmly and reason more dispassionately; when, therefore, they see the old traitors manifest their contempt for the national colors, they remember that hatred of the Constitution and the Government of our Fathers dates back with this class, for full a quarter of a century.

The emptiness of the other pretext for the war—sympathy with the oppressed negro—has also been satisfactorily demonstrated. The States, which furnished most of the volunteers for the war, have put a social and political ban upon the poor African. The *few* of the afflicted race in their borders are denied those privileges, which the South is *required* to extend to *millions* of these unfortunates. It is easy to pity the

poor negro in the rebel South; it is hard to sympathize with him in the loyal North. It is so easy to mourn over other people's sins, it is so hard to repent of our own!

We were disposed to regard the journey of Sergeant Bates as one of those numerous sensationals, which the loyal North has a passion for, such as trundling a wheel-barrow from Bangor to Boston, walking so many miles in so many hours, a prize fight between McCoole and the English bully, freezing all night around a ticket office to get the first chance to hear Mr. Dickens, getting divorces, running after Japanese Tommy, admiring Barnum, adoring Beecher, deifying John Brown, &c., &c., &c. But we now look at the Sergeant's movement from a different stand-point. It will do good, it has already done good. We were fast drifting towards Gen. Grant and the *stable* Government. The unveiling of the Jacobins must have a happy effect. Nothing, too, is so well calculated to revive love for the old flag in the South as the knowledge that it is bitterly hated by the old traitors, Stevens, Phillips & Co.

SOUTHERN FERTILIZERS.—A prejudice has arisen in the minds of many against artificial manures, because of the ignorant and unscientific manner in which they have been used. In some instances, too, the results have been unfavorable through the unpropitiousness of the seasons. But no intelligent man will doubt that the true policy of the Southern farmer is to cultivate less land, and have the less quantity better prepared and better manured.—The English farmers are the most successful in the world, chiefly because they pay so much attention to manures. A like attention on our part will make the waste fields of the South blossom like the rose.

Enterprising men at the South are proving true benefactors to their unfortunate section by providing real, bona fide manures, which are not shams, but possess substantial value for the *purchaser*, as well as the *seller*. The Editor has visited in person the manufactories of G. Ober, Esq., of Baltimore, and of Wm. C. Dukes, of Charleston, S. C., and saw enough to satisfy him that they conducted their establishments upon fair and honorable principles. The manures of Mr. Ober have been most successfully used in this county, (Mecklenburg) and very largely at many points in Georgia, particularly in that fine agricultural section, Hancock county.

Mr. Dukes has the largest establishment in the South, and is putting up a splendid article.

Our old friends, Willis & Chisolm, of Charleston, S. C., are importing the celebrated Rodunda guano, one of the very best fertilizers known. The interests of the farmer will be regarded by them, and only a valuable article will be furnished.

The Southern Fertilizing Company, of Richmond, Virginia, is well and favorably known. Col. Wm. Gilham, late State Geologist of Virginia, is connected with it, and there is no abler chemist in this country.

The Pacific Guano Company,

and the Patapsco Guano Company, of Baltimore, have both a well merited reputation.

Those who wish THE LAND WE LOVE, must remit funds by Express, Check, Post-office order or registered letter. We are only responsible for losses when money is sent in one of these four ways. Persons, however, who wish to give contributions to the loyal Postmasters, may enclose greenbacks to our office and have not the slightest apprehension that the loyal Postmasters aforesaid will not receive their contributions.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE CENTURIONS OF THE GOSPEL. By Rev. W. A. SCOTT, D. D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph, 1868.

WE have read this book with great interest. The Publishers have done full justice to the learning and piety of the distinguished author.

Our Saviour found no such faith any where, as he found in the Centurion of Capernaum. The Centurion of Cesarea was the first one of the Gentile world, to whom the Gospel was preached. With these two great facts as the basis of his argument, Dr. Scott contends that the profession of arms is not inconsistent with the Christian life and conversation.

We could go farther than this, and show that the self-sacrifice necessarily required of the soldier, is favorable to the development of religious sentiment. Sin is nothing more nor less than an expression of selfishness. "Deny thyself and take up the Cross," is the cardinal doctrine of Christianity. Every victory over self is a victory over sin. As no profession demands such a complete abnegation of self as does the military, there is none that is so favorable to religion, so far as that one element is concerned. On the other hand, there is much about the army, well calculated to turn men into brutes, especially if the commander is himself a brute. The "March to the Sea" must have had a fearful influence upon all connected with it.

Dr. Scott's style is as clear as crystal. You are never at a loss for his meaning. Now when the whole world seems to have run mad after some novelty, Beecher-charlatanry or Cheever-ranting, it is perfectly delightful to find the old Gospel-truths presented in intelligible language.

In striking contrast with the simplicity of Dr. Scott's style, is the mystic bombast of many recent publications. We have a book before us, which has, as the heading of a chapter of mysteri-

ous and extravagant verbiage, "The soul a Prayer, whose answer is God." The writer, in order to say something new and striking, is impudently profane. Another chapter is headed, "Hints respecting a nebulous region in the soul." We have never seen any satisfactory distinction between the mind and the soul. But we feel sure that there is, at least, a nebulous region in one mind—that of the novelty-seeking writer. Beecher, in hunting up a new sensation, never stumbled upon any thing more absurd.

THE ROCK OF SALVATION. By W. S. PLUMER, D. D. American Tract Society.

Dr. Plumer is a living refutation of the reflection upon Southern indolence. He has given many books to the world, not crude, ill-digested, hastily prepared productions; but books of solid merit, full of mature thought, and above all, glowing with a genial, warm-hearted piety. He teaches, too, the old and glorious truths of the Gospel, unmixed with new-fangled theories and wild extravagancies.—The aim of the writer is to win souls to Christ, and not to show his own learning and originality of mind. Profound reverence for the great Jehovah pervades his pages, and we find none of that prying, impudent familiarity with holy things, which makes us loathe a certain class of writers, while we shudder at their blasphemy.

When we reflect upon the prodigious labors of Alexander, Thornwell, Baker, Elliott, Pearce, Plumer, Gilmore Simms, Smythe and hundreds of others, we have reason to believe that Southern men can do as much work as any other class. With a sterner necessity now imposed upon them, for more active exertion, we may hope to see richer and more abundant fruits crown their toil.

FOUR OAKS. By KAMBA THORPE, New York. Geo. W. Carleton & Co.

This is a very entertaining and instructive novel, by a gifted daughter of Alabama, one of the most talented in our grievously oppressed section. The style is good, the sentiments pure and elevated, the moral of the story healthy, and the incidents simple and natural. The lovers of fiction can scarcely wish for a more attractive volume.

THE SOUTHERN BOYS' AND GIRLS' MONTHLY is a charming periodical—all that can be desired for our children. It is really wonderful that a monthly, with 40 pages of reading matter and four or five wood-cuts in each number, can be issued for $1.50 per annum. It is regarded as a rich treat in every household it enters, and parents can put it with safety in the hands of their children, feeling assured that while it contains much to instruct, there is nothing to corrupt the taste or injure the morals. In these degenerate times of *beastly* pictorials and wicked sensational stories, of how little can it be said that this is safe reading. Address Baird & Brother, Richmond, Va.

THE LITTLE GLEANER, published at Fredericksburg, Va., is a very attractive monthly, for children, containing 16 pages, neatly printed on clean white paper. Every effort to build up a pure, native literature that can be put, with safety, in the hands of children, deserves the approbation and encouragement of all good people. The wisest of men has said, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Many parents, who have the welfare of their children at heart, are wholly regardless of what they read. The child, who would be guarded against mixing in vicious company, is allowed to read immoral tales and obscene anecdotes. The foolish parent forgets that temptation much more frequently comes through the eye than through the ear. The warning of the Saviour was, "if thine eye (not thine ear) offend thee, pluck it out." It is the very height of folly to forbid bad company and permit bad reading. The most powerful agents of Satan are bad books and bad periodicals. Mighty for good and for evil is the Press. Let parents keep a wise supervision over what their children read, as well as over the associations they form. The Little Gleaner is safe reading, and its low price, $1 per annum, puts it within the reach of all.

MINDING THE GAP AND OTHER POEMS. By MOLLIE E. MOORE. CUSHING & CAVE, Houston, Texas:

This little collection of Poems is like a beautiful bouquet, gathered under a tropical sky. Each one is a genuine, perfumed, rain-nursed, dew-kissed blossom.—Mollie Moore takes her place as a Southern poetess, in the hearts of the refined, intellectual, and pure. We give, below, just a stanza or two, as a specimen of her "færy work." The first of her "Mes Amis" commences thus,

"Now surely he upon a Sabbath-day
Was born, with "God bless all men!" on his tongue;
For all his looks are blessings, and his "nay"
Cheers more than "yea" from cold abundance flung.

Her exquisite appreciation of Nature is seen in the following:

"Tall, odorous grass and rustling reed
Waved idly by a broad lagoon;
And there the hunter reined his steed:
The shadows of a broad mid-noon
Were short and round beneath the trees,
Whose beard-like moss hung calm and still,
As sails of ships upon the seas
Where winds are charmed by evil will."

THE LAND WE LOVE.

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COMPARATIVE GENERALSHIP.

A few months after the capture of Gen. Lee's army, in 1865, a writer, in the editorial columns of a widely circulating New York journal, asserted that the achievements of Gen. Grant surpassed those of Alexander, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Turenne, Prince Eugene of Savoy, Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington, all combined! The journal in question is so much addicted to quizzing, that we felt at a loss to determine whether this stupendous panegyric was uttered in good faith, or whether it was merely an echo of the popular exultation, which at that moment very nearly approached the borders of frenzy. Napoleon, in his review of Jomini's "Art of War," tells us that a great soldier cannot be made by books of that sort—that the "art" is best taught in the field—that the best substitute for the field is the careful study of eighty-four campaigns which he mentions, viz: the eight of Alexander, seventeen of Hannibal, and thirteen of Cæsar, in ancient times; the three of Gustavus, sixteen of Turenne, nineteen of Eugene, and eleven of Frederick, in modern times. He did not, of course, include his own and those of Wellington. The panegyrist of Gen. Grant, however, includes them in his summary. In order that the reader may see the enormous character of this eulogy, we propose to glance at the career of each of these great captains, before sketching a brief outline of Gen. Grant's.

Alexander the Great, with a force 34,500 strong, invaded the Persian empire, the mightiest, at that time, upon which the sun had ever shone, extending from the shores of the Hellespont to the banks of the Indus, from Memphis on the Nile, to the

great mountains of Northern Asia, embracing all those vast kingdoms which played parts so memorable in the early history of mankind, as we find it recorded in the Bible, peopled by innumerable nations, able, at any time, to send a million of men into the field, divided into many provinces, each governed by a satrap equal in power and wealth to the greatest king. In three campaigns, and in three great pitched battles, and two memorable sieges, he struck down the power of this vast monarchy, and assumed the crown of Asia. In five other campaigns, and in innumerable battles, he subdued those wild and warlike tribes around him, which the whole power of the Persian monarchs had never been able to subjugate, and but for the refusal of his troops to follow him farther, would undoubtedly have anticipated Clive and his successors by two thousand years, in making India a province of an European power.

Hannibal, with an army of 26,000 men, arrived on the Italian side of the Alps, with the avowed purpose of overthrowing the Republic of Rome, the most powerful government, at that time, existing in the world. Not only his numbers, but his arms, and the quality of his troops were vastly inferior to those of his enemy. The latter were collected from all quarters; twenty different languages were spoken in his camp, while the Romans were homogeneous. After the battle of Thrasymene, he made his troops arm themselves with the weapons of the dead Romans.—In eighteen months, and in three pitched battles, remembered to this day for the skill with which they were planned, and the vigor with which they were executed, he not only *defeated*, but absolutely and literally *destroyed*, five Roman consular armies, and shook the Roman power to its very foundation. Exhausted by his very victories, denied all reënforcements from home, shut up in the foot of the Italian boot, with no allies but the fierce and intractable Breethans, his numbers waning every day, for fourteen years he defied the whole power of Rome to drive him out of Italy. Never, in his most triumphant days, did his genius shine so brightly as it did in this gloomy season. He left Italy at last, only in consequence of orders from home.

Julius Cæsar, when he took possession of his government of Gaul, found himself at the head of six legions, about 24,000 men, which he recruited to about 60,000 before commencing operations.—In the course of nine years he was victorious in between forty and fifty pitched battles, carried by storm or took by siege eighty fortified places, subdued 300 nations or tribes, forming an aggregate of 20,000,000 of souls, fought in pitched battles or sieges 3,000,000 of men, took 1,000,000 of prisoners, and slew as many fairly in the field. Besides this, he made several expeditions into Germany, and twice crossed over to Britain, where he fought two battles. In the civil war, in a single pitched battle, he destroyed the power of Pompey, in another totally sub-

dued the revolted Egyptians, in a third routed Pharnaces, on which occasion he wrote "*veni, vidi, vici*," and thus made himself master of the Eastern world. In a fourth he struck down the power of Pompey's followers in Africa, and in a fifth put the finishing stroke to his works by destroying the army of Pompey's sons in Spain. He certainly is a very wonderful military man. Who can be called superior to Julius Cæsar?

Gustavus Adolphus made his first campaign in Poland, where, after defeating the King in several battles he compelled him to make peace. The Emperor of Germany was at that time waging the cruel and unjust war, known as the "Thirty Years' War," with his Protestant subjects. His progress, through the skill of his generals, Tilly and Wallenstein, had given alarm to all Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant.—Gustavus espoused the cause of his Protestant brethren. He landed in Pomerania, and made himself master of that province, after having defeated the forces of the Emperor in a bloody battle, and stormed all the strong places in it. He then proceeded south carrying all the fortresses, for which Germany is so famous, as fast as he came to them. Tilly was sent to arrest him. He attacked him and received a bloody repulse.—Gustavus followed up the blow, and attacking Tilly at Leipsic, a great battle ensued, in which Tilly lost half of his army. Gustavus marched on, crossed the Danube, invaded Bavaria, carried every fortress before him in spite of Tilly, and when that officer attempted to stop him at the passage of the Lech he almost annihilated his army, and Tilly himself was killed. He had gone as far on his conquering progress towards the Rhine as Ulm, when he was recalled to Saxony to face Wallenstein. He came in contact with him at Lutzen. After a bloody battle, in which he gained a signal victory, he was, unfortunately, killed. One month more and he would have been in Vienna.

Eugene first commanded in chief in the campaign of 1697 against the Turks, which he rendered memorable by defeating Mustaphe II., in the battle of Zenta, killing, wounding, or taking 20,000 men, and all his artillery, baggage, &c. This ended the war. In the "War of the Succession," he was sent to Italy, where he completely defeated Catinat, and afterwards Villeroi, taking the latter prisoner at Cremona. Called to Germany in 1704, he united his army with that of Marlborough, and the two gained the overwhelming battle of Blenheim. Returning to Italy, although he was at first foiled by Vendome, yet he carried Turin by storm, and virtually put an end to the French power there. He then penetrated into France, and laid siege to Toulon, but was not successful. Withdrawn from Italy, he was sent to Flanders, to command the Austrian forces acting in concert with Marlborough. He participated in the two great battles of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, in 1708 and 1709. In the war with the Turks, be

fought the battle of Peterwardein, with greatly inferior force, routed the Turks with great slaughter, and captured Belgrade; which exploit led to peace. He was at the head of the army of 1733 with Poland, but no battle was fought. He commanded in eighteen pitched battles and gained them all.

Marlborough was one of the most fortunate generals that ever lived. It was said of him, that he never drew his sword that he did not conquer. We know of no other general of whom the same can be said with truth. In 1704, when the French marched an overwhelming army into Bavaria, and united with the Bavarian forces, were about to push on to Vienna, he made a sudden and rapid march from Flanders, united his forces to those of Eugene, and gained the tremendous victory of Blenheim, in which the French lost 40,000 men out of 60,000. The way was open to Paris, and Marlborough and Eugene wished to take it, but the Dutch deputies refused their consent. Besides this battle, Marlborough also gained the great victories of Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and took all the fortified towns of Flanders, besides several in the North of France. When Marlborough first landed in Flanders, Louis XIV. was the most powerful monarch that had reigned in Europe since Charlemagne. Marlborough brought him almost to the dust. Another campaign and he would have been suing for peace on any terms, when a faction at home overthrew the great general and caused him to lose his command.

When the Seven Years' War commenced, Russia, Sweden, Austria, France, Saxony, and Poland, with standing armies, numbering 600,000 men, were united against Prussia, which had only 160,000. The combined population of these countries was 100,000,000. The population of Prussia, 5,000,000. England, however, was with Prussia, and sent an army to Hanover, which, with her German subjects and allies, it was thought would protect Prussia on the south. The allies lay at great distances from each other. Frederic lay in the centre, and had a chance to strike them in detail. He commenced the war by overrunning Saxony, seizing Dresden, besieging the Saxon army, 17,000 strong, in the camp of Pirna, leaving a sufficient force to blockade the camp, marching into Bohemia, and totally defeating Marshal Brown, who was approaching to raise the siege, at Lowositz. In the spring of 1757, he attacked Brown before Prague, waiting for Daun to join him before advancing into Saxony, and defeated him with a loss of 24,000 men, he, himself, losing 18,000. Part of the defeated force shut themselves up in Prague, part fled to Daun.—Frederic left a part of his force to blockade Prague, and with the rest, on the 18th June, the same day with the battle of Waterloo, fifty-eight years after, attacked Daun and Brown, at Kolin, and was terribly defeated. But as Daun made no use of his victory, he was soon in the field again. In the meantime the Duke of Cumberland capitulated to the

French army, which being now at liberty, marched to invade the south of Prussia. Silesia was in possession of a powerful Austrian army, and the Russians were in the Northern provinces. Placed in a central position, Frederic was enabled to strike right and left. He marched with great rapidity on the French, and gained a glorious victory over them, at Rossbach, on the 5th November, came back on the Austrians, and in a battle, (fought 5th December,) which Napoleon calls a master-piece, (Leuthen) defeated them utterly, killing, wounding, and taking 27,000 out of 60,000, and in the spring inflicted a terrible defeat on the Russians, at Zorndorf.—But on the 14th October, 1758—the same on which Napoleon prostrated the power of Prussia, fifty-eight years afterwards—he was surprised in his camp, and defeated by Daun and Laudohn, at Hochkirchen, losing 13,000 men. In 1759, the Austrians being in possession of Saxony, and the Russians of the country bordering the Oder, the two united, and Frederic attacking them at Kunersdorf, where they were strongly intrenched, suffered a terrible defeat; the worst he had ever sustained. Out of 50,000 men, he could rally that evening but 3,000. But the allies grew jealous of each other and did not improve their victory. The next day he had rallied 18,000 men, and in a few weeks had an army 30,000 strong. At the commencement of 1760, the enemy were in possession of Berlin, but Frederic gained a great victory over Laudohn at Liegnitz, and another great victory over Daun at Torgau, which restored things to their old condition. In 1761 there was no battle. The Empress of Russia died, and her successor immediately made peace, clothed all the Prussian prisoners in new suits, and sent them back to Frederic, entering at the same time into an alliance with him. England and France made peace soon after. Austria left by herself was not long in following the example. Frederic relinquished nothing whatever. The united exertions of this mighty alliance had been unable to wring any thing from him.

The career of Napoleon is so well known that we shall make our summary as brief as possible. In his first two campaigns, 1796 and 1797, in Italy, in the course of ten months he was victorious in fourteen pitched battles, and seventy combats, destroyed five Austrian armies, took 100,000 prisoners, and killed and wounded as many more, captured six hundred field pieces and two thousand heavy guns, drove the Austrians entirely out of Italy, and forced a peace in sight of the steeples of Vienna. All this he effected with an army of less than thirty thousand men,—the reënforcements he received never covering his losses. In the campaigns of '98–'99 he carried the French arms to the ancient Scripture lands of Egypt and Syria, and won battles on spots renowned in the earliest history of mankind, at Alexandria, the Pyramids, Mount Tabor, Jaffa, (Joppa, the port of Jerusalem,) and was obliged to

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The Land we Love.

Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.

JULY, 1868.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

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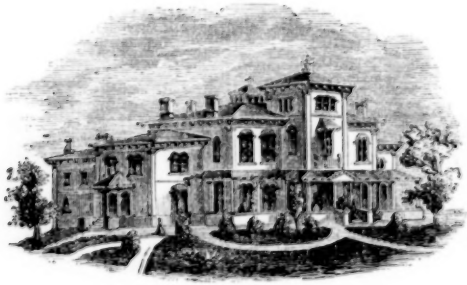

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REFERENCES: Gen. D. H. Hill, Editor of Land We Love; Editors Southern Review, Baltimore; Ex-Gov. Vance, N. C.; Ex-Gov. Henry A. Wise, Va.; Hon. Nicholas Brewer, Maryland. July—2m

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